McKean County Miner.

State Library July 10

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

NO. 27

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909.

VOL. XLVI

TAKE INTEREST IN McKEAN COUNTY FAIR

Do Something to Aid This Excellent Attraction.

MAKE AN EXHIBIT OF SOME SORT.

A Short Review of Its Founding, Purposes and Achievements.—An Institution of Instruction and Amusement which Everybody Should Attend.

The McKean County Fair Association, as a corporation which received its charter from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in July 1905, and as such enjoys the rights and privileges of other concerns of that character. It conducts the Great McKean County Fair at Smethport. The Association was projected by one of the present Members of Assembly from this county, Honorable Robert W. Hilton, and his time and efforts expended for the success of the McKean County Fair during the past four years, are too well known to our readers to need recording here. It is not the first effort to establish a County Fair, for a similar movement was undertaken many years ago, and a County Fair was an annual event at Port Allegany, but finally, owing to the comparatively poor railroad conveniences of that city and at that place, that Fair was discontinued.

The present Association was really made possible too, by the efforts of the local Fidelity Grange Patrons of Husbandry, who even went so far as to form an association, known as the Agriculture & Stock Breeders' Association, which had for its object the same purposes as the present association. It was formed shortly before the present Fair Association, and was merged into it, in asmuch as funds of the old association were invested in this present association. And to-day, whereas the capital stock sold amounted to about $7,500.00, nearly one half of this amount was taken by members of different granges of the county, and the largest single stock owner, is the Fidelity Grange of Smethport. Further, of the present directors, four out of the seven members, are members of the grange. This is as it should be, for we are all familiar with the well directed efforts which the grange is exerting for the betterment of the agricultural interests of this section, and on the members of the grange and other farmers of this county falls the burden of making the McKean County Fair the ultimate success which it is bound to be.

In addition to the capital originally paid in, the association has invested about $3,000.00, making a total investment of about $10,000.00, in buildings, tracks and other equipment. The burden of securing the loan of three thousand dollars, which is invested as above, has been carried by a few of the stockholders, and their security lies really in making the fair a success, so that this loan may be gradually retired. In addition to this loan the indebtedness of the association amounts to about $750.00, for bills contracted and not completely settled in the year 1907.

Had it not been for bad weather in three out of the four seasons which the fair has run, it would, no doubt, to-day be free from debt, and judging from last year's business it is now on a self supporting basis, barring such misfortune as the association has experienced in two of the years, through the sections of stables being demolished by wind storms.

Let us not loose sight of the object for which this association stands, namely the advancement of the agricultural and stock-raising interests of this county. And this means more, for whatever improves the condition of any particular interest improves the condition of every other business of the people of the county. But, some will say, does our fair do much good after all. Are the exhibits made interesting enough. Is the competition in the different departments keen enough to bring exhibits there which set up new standards, and raise new ambitions, so that we are really helped. Well, perhaps our progress is not as great as some hope for, yet we know that all well-organized fairs are accomplishing these things, and we believe that if we can have patience our labors will be rewarded too.

The business end of a project of this kind is no small matter. For expense each fair you have first, the fixed charges to be met, such as rental of land, insurance, taxes, and the repairs, and improvements, then comes on the fair, and about the first morning of the fair you look over your bills and contracts for premiums and purses to be paid, attractions, band, and your advertising bills, and it is no wonder that a lowering sky on Tuesday, sets the directors a thinking. Of course, against this you have the assurance of the state appropriation to take care of the premiums, but aside from this you have to depend on the gate receipts and of course the funds received from the sale of privileges and from the entries in the different departments of exhibits and the horse races. And now comes the point, many people go to the fair and think that the race meet, which is invariably held in connection with a well regulated fair, and the midway attractions, merry-go-rounds and all those things are unnecessary and detract from it. They should stop and think that these are but a means to an end. Simply a business proposition to excite interest and please the people and then comes the gate receipts, and the first thing you know, you are making all your expense, and able to go into another year, making a little better headway and finally your people are all interested, bring in their exhibits, more attention given to the real objects of the fair and then comes success. And it is bound to come, if each one will do their share. There isn't a section of the country, anywhere, with people more loyal to any cause they espouse, than we are right here in this county. The people in this county are known from one end of this country to the other as people who have done things. So let us take more personal interest in this fair, and show the people of the surrounding country what a fair should be. Whatever good we can do for this fair will help others and will help ourselves.

The management this year is mucking out a campaign that is bound to result in a bigger and a better fair, no pains will be spared by them. Let every one who has the welfare of their county at heart take an interest and show them your appreciation.

Extensive Alterations at Court House.

A force of men are busily engaged in making extensive alterations at the Court House in this borough. Among other things an office, consisting of two rooms, to be used by the District Attorney, is to be installed on the second floor. Part of the large corridor at the entrance to the court room, is to be appropriated for this purpose. The office will occupy the part of the corridor along the front of the building, and a large enough hall space will be left at the head of the stairways, leading to the second floor, to answer all demands, and although the windows at the front of the building will be cut off, the upper part of the partition separating the District Attorney's office will be constructed of glass which will give sufficient light to the windows. The stairway leading to the grand jury room on the third floor is to be arranged differently. At the rear of the court room, where there has hitherto been four separate rooms, the partitions of all but that of the Judge's room are being torn out and one large room is to be made, which can be used for various purposes, and will be of more service than the three separate rooms were. One of the rooms torn out was the library, and the cases of books will be installed in the new room.

These improvements are all of the commonsense variety, and will add greatly to the facilities of this fine building. John Evers & Co., of Bradford have the contract for doing this work.

An addition is also to be built onto the County Jail, in the near future, for the accommodation of juvenile prisoners. It is understood that this is to be a one story affair consisting of two rooms which will be built near the end of the jail building. The need for such a department has long been felt at the jail.

A Victim Of The Heat

The Pittsburg Gazette-Times of Monday in refering to the excessive heat in that city, mentioned two deaths, one of which was William M. Shafer, a former resident of the vicinity of Bradford. The Gazette-Times says:

William M. Shafer, cashier in the internal revenue office, died suddenly yesterday morning at his home, 9 Clarendon place. He had been at work Saturday during the day and evening and although complaining of not feeling well, had no thought of serious illness until morning, when it developed that he was suffering from a severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia. He died at 11:45 a. m. Mr. Shafer was 38 years of age. He was born near Kittanning and came to Pittsburg several years ago. Until his appointment to the federal office two years ago, he was associated with A. C. Shafer, in the produce business. He leaves a widow, who was Miss Maude Parsons of Bradford, Pa., and two children, Margaret, aged 5, and William, aged 3. He also leaves his father, Israel Shafer, of Kittanning; four brothers, A. C. of Pittsburg, Wallace of Kittanning, Reed of Vandegrift, and H. C., on the old homestead near Kittanning, and one sister, Miss Nellie, who lives with her father. Funeral services will be held at the home this evening, and tomorrow morning the body will be taken to Bradford for interment.

The body of Mr. Shafer was brought to Bradford Tuesday afternoon and were taken to the First Baptist church where the funeral was held, Rev. W. M. Courson officiating. Interment was made in Oak Hill cemetery, that city.

TOOK POISON BY MISTAKE.

Henry Whitford Drank Horse Medicine and Had a Close Call.

Henry Whitford, a teamster at the County Home, had a close call Monday from traveling to that place from which no teamster ever returns. The man had come to town and had secured two bottles of hot weather alleviation which he secreted in a cupboard in the barn at the Home. Shortly after this Superintendent Breidenstein discovered the heavy artillery and removed it from the cupboard. During the morning (Monday) Whitford decided to visit his cupboard, and going to the cupboard removed a bottle and took a long pull, and at once saw and heard more "angel voices" than it usually falls the lot of a mortal mortal to enjoy, for the bottle contained Fowler's Solution, a horse medicine, composed principally of strychnine. A poison antidote was given the man and County Physician Ostrander was summoned. The quick measures taken undoubtedly saved the man's life and on Tuesday he was again able to be about. Whether the man got off lucky by taking the strychnine instead of the whiskey will probably never be known.

Death of Mary Elizabeth Emery.

Died, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Eberspecher on East Main street, on Saturday afternoon of last week, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Emery, aged 32 years, the cause of her death being a cancerous affliction of the stomach from which she has been a sufferer for some time.

Mary Elizabeth Farr was born in this vicinity on Feb. 9, 1880, and had spent the greater part of her life here. On Dec. 24, 1900, she was united in marriage to Homer S. Emery of Amsterdam, N. Y. The fruits of her union with Mr. Emery were two little girl twins, Louise and Lois Marie Emery, who survive. Besides her children Mrs. Emery is survived by her husband, one brother, George Farr; a sister, Mrs. Mattie Clark, who resides in Texas, and her mother, Mrs. Eberspecher.

The funeral was held at St. Luke's church in this borough, of which the deceased was a member, at 3:30 Sunday afternoon. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, assisted by Rev. Chas E. McCoy, officiated. The interment was made in Rose Hill cemetery.

The deceased was a woman possessing lovely traits of character and was highly respected and had many friends, with whom the MINER will unite in extending sympathy to the bereaved family.

A Useful Contrivance.

A high pressure compressed air tank has been installed by the Backus Novelty Works near the street in front of their plant on Water street and automobilists, bicyclists and motor cyclists can now drive their conveyances up to the tank and get their tires inflated free of charge. J. C. Backus is responsible for the innovation. The apparatus will be greatly appreciated by those who have tires of the inflatable variety as it saves a lot of time and labor.

The air pressure of the tank can be regulated to accord with the variety of tire to be inflated, and the need of manipulating this part of the contrivance with care has been impressed upon at least one person. On Wednesday Howard Deming, who is the possessor of a motor cycle, had a flat tire and decided to inflate it by aid of the tank. Howard evidently made a wrong estimation of the amount of air that would be required to inflate the tire as he had barely turned on the pressure when there was a sickening snap and a rush of air into space, not the tire, for that was no more, it being literally blown to pieces by the first rush of air.

Gas Co. Buys Big Well.

On last week the Smethport Gas Co. came into possession of the largest gas wells ever struck in the vicinity of Smethport. The well is the one which the Test Oil Co., a company formed of Bradford parties, recently struck on the Comes farm above the County Home. The Gas company also secured the gas rights of the entire lease, the Test Co. holding the right to operate for oil.

It is not learn how much was paid for the well and lease, but it is understood that the sum is a large one as well it might be.

The well was given a test after it had been cased and made a showing of 575,000 feet of gas per day, so it can be seen that there is not much danger of Smethport's gas supply running low for sometime to come. It is not probable the Gas Co. will put down another well right away as they have a year's time, by the terms of their lease, in which to do so.

Our Bargain Counter.

Two 2d-hand Vertical Bar McCormick Mowers and one 2d-hand Deering for sale at bargain counter prices. Everything goes—at the Palmer Machine Agency—A. T. Palmer, Smethport, Pa. 15-3t

A superb finish is obtained by using Campbell's Varnish Stain on floors, furniture or interior woodwork. These stains are sold in ¼ pint, ½ pint, pint, quart and gallon cans. Ask J. C. Hamlin, Hardware Store.

BIG FIRE IN AUSTIN YESTERDAY.

Eight Business Places Were Destroyed, Causing Heavy Loss—An Early Morning Blaze.

Austin was visited by a most destructive fire at an early hour yesterday morning and as a result eight business places of that lively town are in ruins.

The fire was discovered at 3 o'clock a. m. yesterday morning in the Sterling restaurant and bakery and an alarm turned in, but the fire had gained such a start that in spite of the efforts of the fire fighters it communicated to buildings on either side of the restaurant, which burned like tinder. The fire was not gotten under control until about six o'clock. When the fire was finally stopped it had destroyed the seven buildings occupied by the following business places, and located on either side of the Sterling restaurant, which was a wooden building: Warner's jewelry store, brick building; Buckley's gent's furnishing store, a wood structure, and the Davis House, a large brick hotel, on one side, and the Welsh drug store, a brick structure; Sykes Bros. dry goods store, a brick building; Nelson's grocery a wooden structure, and the Austin Hardware Co.'s store, a brick block, on the other side.

Firemen and citizens are said to have did noble work in the efforts to check the conflagration, and that but for their incessant labors the entire business section, if not the town, of Austin would have been wiped out.

From word received by the MINER from Austin this morning it was learned that no estimate has yet been made as to the loss by the fire, but it will undoubtedly run up into many thousands of dollars. Other details as to the cause of the fire, insurance, etc., could not be learned.

A later report places the fire loss at $40,000.

Typhoid Fever Cases.

A new case of typhoid fever was reported in this borough Saturday. The patient is Mrs. Ed. Swanson of the South side. It is a severe case, but the patient is doing nicely.

The three typhoid fever cases, recently reported to the board of health, are no more. The two Miller children of Northumberland Ave., who had only slight attacks of the epidemic, have fully recovered. Miss Margaret Enecheon, of East street, whose case was quite severe, had so far recovered Sunday, that the nurse who attended her was dispensed with, Monday, and the patient is fast recovering her usual health.

To Run Line to East Smethport.

It is understood that there is some talk of the Smethport Water Co. running a water line into East Smethport in the near future for the purpose of supplying that place with the requirements. Wells have supplied the wants of the residents of that community in the past and the proposition of using city water never met with much favor. But it is said that many residents of that place are now desirous of installing the city system and the water company stands ready to lay a line, and, changes are that one will be installed sometime during the present summer.

Brought to Jail From Bradford.

Gusta Isaacson of Bradford, aged 55 years, was arrested on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by his wife, and committed to the county jail in this borough, to await trial, last week. The old man, who cannot speak any English, appears to be the victim of circumstances, and has aroused much sympathy from those who have come in contact with him, it being said that the grounds upon which he was arrested are of a very trivial nature. He is held under $300 bail.

Made Motor Cycle Trip.

Ernie Hamilton and J. C. Wert, of this borough, returned on Saturday last from an eight day's motor cycle trip. During their trip they visited Olean, Portage, Hamburg, Buffalo, Erie, Warren and Kane. The tourists traveled 500 miles on the trip, which is pretty good traveling. They report having a fine time on their trip. Both are enthusiastic motor cyclists and travel some when they start out on their trips.

Automobile for Sale.

Engine and Change Speed Gear guaranteed in perfect condition, newly painted and thoroughly overhauled, fine running condition. Has detachable tonneau, carries either two or four passengers, fully equipped with oil lights and gas headlight, extra tire and inner tubes. This is a "snap" for some one and should be taken quick. Price complete $250.00.

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.
Smethport, Pa.
tf

Get DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations, but there is just one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Read, Clermont.

Store Room for Rent.

A store room in the Odd Fellows' building for rent. Inquire of trustees of building.

HAS RESIGNED POSITION.

Frank Reynolds, Former Manager of Cut Glass Factory, Will Establish Small Factory of His Own.

Frank Reynolds, who has been manager at the Smethport Cut Glass Co.'s plant in this borough since its establishment two years ago, has resigned from his position and has already ended his services with that company. Mr. Reynolds intends to establish a small cut glass concern in the house owned by Chief-of-Police McCarty on East street and will conduct a business of his own. A gas engine is being put in with other glass cutting machinery and five or six hands will be employed at the start. It is understood that Mr. Reynolds expects to have his little factory in operation within the next month. He is an expert cut glass man and his venture will undoubtedly be a successful one. It is understood that the owners of the cut glass plant are negotiating with an expert cut glass man in Chicago to fill the position made vacant by Mr. Reynold's retirement.

Biesem-Swisher.

On Wednesday of last week in this borough occurred the marriage of Mr. Philip A. Biesem of Empire, Canal Zone, Panama, and Miss Edna, daughter of R. M. Swisher former editor of the Mt. Jewett News of Mt. Jewett. Rev. W. A. Harris, pastor of the M. E. church of this borough, officiating. The marriage ceremony took place in the M. E. parsonage.

The groom holds a fine position in the canal zone, being connected with an air compressor plant engaged on the excavating work on that mighty undertaking, and is said to be a model young man in every sense of the word. Miss Swisher is a charming and accomplished young lady who is justly popular in Mt. Jewett, where her friends are numbered by the legion. She has hitherto held a position in the Mt. Jewett postoffice, where her father is postmaster, and by her courteous and obliging conduct of that position has won the regard of all who have come in contact with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Biesem will leave in August for Panama where Mr. Biesem will resume his position, and will make their home there for some time.

The MINER will unite with the hosts of friends of this estimable couple in wishing them an abundance of happiness and prosperity on this auspicious occasion.

Bride Hit By Stray Bullet.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 9—Mrs. Frances Boggs of Bradford, Pa., is lying in the Homeopathic hospital with a bullet wound in her shoulder, received on the evening of July 5 at Luna park, when a stray shot from a revolver in the hands of an unknown person struck her. Her condition is reported as being serious.

Mrs. Boggs was married at her home in Bradford on June 29, and was in Pittsburg on her honeymoon when the accident happened. Among the places she visited with her husband was Luna park. While riding on a car on the roller coaster the bullet struck her. She sank back in the car and after it was stopped she was hurried to the hospital. Who fired the shot and where it came from may never be known. It was not reported to the police until yesterday when Captain of Detectives William Elmore detailed detectives on the case. Late reports from Pittsburg state that Mrs. Boggs will recover.

Balloon Lands Near St. Marys.

J. H. Wade, Jr., and A. H. Morgan, aeronauts, who left Canton, Ohio, Friday evening at 8:15 o'clock to take a moonlight ride in the balloon, Sky Pilot, landed at St. Marys at 8 o'clock Saturday morning in a free on Dr. Ott's farm about one mile south of St. Marys. They found it rough landing as a strong wind was blowing, but neither of them were injured and the balloon was unharmed.

They stated they thoroughly enjoyed their trip, as it was a beautiful moonlight night. They sailed northeast from Canton up into New York and about midnight the wind shifted carrying them southwest. They covered over 287 miles and the highest point reached was 4,000 feet.

The balloon was brought to town in a wagon and expressed to Cleveland, Ohio. After spening the day in St. Marys the men left on the 5:15 train for their homes at Cleveland.—St. Marys Gazette.

Sunday Schools.

The Sunday Schools of Smethport will hold a conference at the Methodist church Thursday, July 15, at 4 p. m. and an evening session at 8 p. m. Mr. Herman Eldredge of Erie, Field Worker of the Penna. State S. S. Convention, will be present and conduct this conference.

The County Convention will be held at Pt. Allegany, Tuesday and Wednesday, July 20th and 21st and promises to be the best one ever held in the county.

Buy a Lawn Swing of Holmes & Gillillan. Best in the market.

MR. BANNON WILL GO.

City Engineer Accepts a Fine Offer Made by Hornell's City Government.

A. F. Bannon, Jr., Bradford's City Engineer, will sever his connection with this city's affairs on August 1 and go to Hornell, N.Y., where he will have a position as Superintendent of Public Work.

Early last week Mr. Bannon received the offer of a salary of $2,000 to go to Hornell but after a conference with the City council, the offer was rejected and Mr. Bannon decided to remain in Bradford for the balance of his term, at least. When his answer was sent to Hornell, the city officials of that place made a still better proposition which Mr. Bannon could not well afford to refuse. The last offer was accepted and the position of City Engineer will be vacant after Aug. 1. Mr. Bannon's family will move to Hornell later in the summer.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bannon have lived in Bradford since their childhood and many friends of the couple here will regret to learn of their decision to leave the city.—Bradford Era.

Are Repairing K. & S. Bridge.

The work of repairing the steel bridge on the K. & S. at East Smethport, which was washed out by the floods last spring, was commenced last week. A temporary structure has been used since the time of the accident. The undertaking of repairing this bridge will be an engineering feat of no mean proportions. The bridge was formerly a narrow structure consisting of two spans, and was so low to the creek bed as to form a very effective dam in time of high water. It is the intention of the engineers to raise the bridge two feet and to add another forty foot span. The creek will be widened by removing twenty feet of the north bank of the creek for some distance along its course, and now concrete abutments and piers will be built. It is thought the work will be completed within a month's time, and a large force of men are engaged in the work with a view to that end. Engineer P. P. Lyons is the engineer in charge of the work.

They Got Fine Gasser.

A company composed of Smethport parties got a fine gas well in Ohio last week. The well is located on land held by the company in the vicinity of Hanoverton, in Columbiana county, and was drilled in Saturday.

The well was drilled one foot into the sand when gas was struck in quantity enough to produce 500,000 feet per day and operations were suspended. The company expect to hold a meeting at once for purpose of deciding whether or not to go deeper with the well in quest of oil or utilize the supply of gas, but as yet no decision has been reached.

The company will undoubtedly put down more wells on their holdings in that state in the near future and from present indications it looks as if they had a fine proposition there.

Fireman's Day at County Fair.

At an adjourned meeting of the Hose Co. held Friday evening it was decided to engage the Odd Fellows' band to accompany the company on their trip to Bradford, during Old Home Week in August. The proposition of holding a Firemen's Day during Fair Week was brought before the meeting, and the company decided to participate. Companies from surrounding places will be invited to attend, and the program will consist of drills, races, etc. A committee was appointed to draw upon suitable program for a day, which if it meets with the Fair Association's approval, will be adopted. Such a day will be a great drawing card and undoubtedly would be a grand success. This event will probably occur on the first day of the meet.

Completes Jail Sentence.

W. Swartz, of Bradford who was arrested and convicted, some time ago, on charges brought by the Singer Sewing Machine Company, by whom he was employed as an agent, completed a six month's sentence at the county jail Saturday. Swartz is down and out at present but it is predicted by many that he will not remain so long, as he is a hustler, and was formerly one of the very best agents in the employ of the Singer Co. Friends and ones who know claim that Swartz never committed an intentional crime, but was simply the victim of a system both peculiar and common with and in the Singer Co.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 10, 1909.

Greenwood, R. W.
Larson, Miss Edith
Shores, Wm.
Sweeney, Mrs. T. W.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

I. O. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Subscribe for the MINER.

WIDOW JASON'S UNRULY HOGS.

The Way the Trouble Between the Neighbors Was Settled.

BY PAUL CAREW.

Widow Jason was the relict of Farmer Jason, and she carried on the farm after his death with even more wisdom than he had shown himself possessed of. She was still on the brighter side of forty, fair to look upon and was at peace with all her neighbors until the one to the east of her sold out and a stranger moved in.

He was a man of middle age named Chisholm, and, being a widower, his sister managed the house for him. If the Widow Jason was one of those who wondered what sort of man he was, she was the first to find it out. Among her live stock that year were a dozen hogs, and it was the fault of her hired man that there were holes in the fence through which they made their way into the potato field of the new neighbor. She had just finished her breakfast one morning when Chisholm was announced. He had the courtesy to lift his hat and give his name, but he also had the bluntness to add:

"Madam, your infernal hogs have rooted up half an acre of potatoes for me and if you ever let them get over the fence again I'll—I'll—I'll—"

She was not at home, and now that he was gone she ordinarily and felt that had she been introduced in the conventional way she would have been pleased to make his acquaintance. But his rude greeting aggrieved her, and, being a woman with a mind of her own, she at once replied:

"I can pay for all the potatoes on your farm, and if you come here to threaten me you'll find a woman who doesn't scare!"

"Well, you keep your hogs at home."

"And you keep yourself in the same place."

That was the first tilt. The fences were mended and the hogs were in despair when a high wind blew a gate open, and the drove spent the night in the same potato field. Next morning Chisholm drove ten of them home and said to Widow Jason:

"Madam, there are dead hogs belonging to you in my field. Will you have them removed or shall I bury them?"

"You killed them, did you?" she asked.

"I did. I thought I would, and I did."

"Then I'll have the law on you."

"Go ahead."

She went to have words to say and said, and she was in a storm of tears. Afterward, she felt quite bitter over it, but as she thought it over she thought it would be cheaper to give Mr. Chisholm the hogs than to go to law. The next time they met she spoke kindly to him, and he raised his hat. When she [illegible] the farmer she [illegible] hogs.

"Ugh! If that [illegible] looks on my hogs as in the pot you to throw him [illegible]"

"You'll [illegible]" replied the sturdy Josh.

It wasn't a fortnight before Chisholm came. He was on his way to the county seat, he said, on business of importance, and he asked time and ordered Josh back. He refused to go, and Josh said a lot of things to do the throwing act, but found himself a licked cur in short order. Chisholm [illegible] Widow Jason [illegible] Josh [illegible] Chisholm [illegible] Josh [illegible] the woman who had [illegible] from the front steps. Lifting his hat, he said:

"Madam, those hogs of yours have been at it again this time in my corn field—are I'm-bail to kill another."

"Have you dared to kill another of my hogs?" she demanded as her cheeks flamed and her eyes flashed.

"I have. Shall I bury him?"

"Sir, you are a scoundrel!"

"And you are a charming widow."

She drove to town at once to see her lawyer. There was $10 in the case for him win or lose, and he advised her to sue. She sued and got beaten again. The defendant referred to it in the highest terms, but he also proved that her fences were out of repair. The lawyer saw $10 more in it, win or lose, and advised Josh to prosecute for assault and battery. Josh brought his swollen nose and black eye into court and was beaten by several lengths. He had provoked the encounter, and, if he had got the worst of it, the law couldn't help him.

It was a month before anything further happened. The fences around the hog lot were thoroughly repaired, and for four weeks the porkers had to make the best of their sad lot. Then Josh left the bars down one night, and as the widow was getting breakfast she heard the crack of a rifle. Half an hour later Mr. Chisholm appeared to say:

"Good morning, Mrs. Jason. Those wretched hogs of yours rooted up my garden last night, and this morning I killed another of them. If you want another lawsuit I'll drive you to town in my own buggy."

"And you—you're shot another?" she gasped.

"I have."

"Then I'd like to shoot you! You are the meanest man in the state of Ohio!"

"You're" he replied, with no bow, as he turned away.

Widow Jason drove to town to consult her lawyer again. There was $10 in it for him, win or lose. At this time Mr. Chisholm was arrested for malicious prosecution. In his testimony he referred to the plaintiff as "that lady" and exhibited no animus whatever, but he also proved that he was the aggressor. The widow's hogs would not let him alone. She was beaten again, and this time a stout pen was built, and the hogs were shut up. The farmers had of course taken sides. Some contended that Chisholm had exhibited a mean and unneighborly spirit and others that the widow had been derelict in not mending her fences, and there were much talk and discussion. It occurred now and then that the two principals met on the highway or at the crossroads meeting house, but while Chisholm lifted his hat and bowed as if there was nothing on his mind the widow, except for her blazing eyes, seemed carved of stone.

That pen held the hogs for a long six weeks, but hogpens have their weak points, and patience and perseverance will seek them out. The hot sun warped a board and made an opening, and the industrious swine enlarged it until one night they all passed out and headed straight for the next farm. They fetched up among the cabbages, pumpkins, squashes, melons and carrots, and during the long hours of darkness they ran riot. They were missed from the pen early next morning, and the widow sat down on the doorstep and cried. She cried because she was vexed, and she cried because she was a woman. Every minute she expected to hear the crack of Chisholm's rifle, and she fully realized that any further appeal to the law would be wasted. She was vexed at the hogs, at Josh and at Chisholm. Her tears were still falling when the new neighbor stood before her and bowed and said:

"Mrs. Jason, those blamed hogs of yours damaged me a hundred dollars' worth last night."

"And how many more have you killed?" she asked.

"None. I've just driven 'em home."

"But why—why—"

"Because I see how it is. I must either kill off your whole drove or build a pen myself. I shall come over tonight to talk to you about it."

He appeared an hour after supper, and it was 11 o'clock before he went home. Even then the "talk" was not finished. As a matter of fact it required a great many evenings and was only concluded one winter's night when she laid her head on his shoulder and said:

"If you are really sure that you love me, then the farm, the hogs and I are yours."

AFTER MOVING.

Well, here we are—moved at last!
A house this time our shelter is.
Steam heated flats are of the past.
And we are done with terraces.
I hoped that she'd be satisfied
At least until the early fall;
But now she finds, however tried,
Our rims won't fit the doors at all.

She likes the house and calls it cute,
The parlor color scheme is blue.
Our tapestries, she says, won't suit,
It's up to me to purchase new.
With Indian Kooglers, it is plain,
Our chairs must reupholstered be.
Our starboy needs a coat of stain
Of something like mahogany.

The [illegible] are too small
And very few of them will do.
As there is a reception hall
I'll have to buy a pair or two.
She's got to have a new settee,
For we found our same wilkes chairs,
And she has made it plain to me
We must have carpet on the stairs.

Our china cabinet looks cheap
In such a handsome drawing room,
It's headed for the ash can heap.
And I for some colonial doom
But [illegible]
Not till we [illegible]
One thing is [illegible]
Our kitchen [illegible]

—Detroit Free Press.

Bride of Intellect.

"Why don't Dicklns and Wicklns let their children play together any more?"

"They both think they have the smartest children on earth, and the two families are accusing each other of plagiarism."

More Than One Way.

The caller, a man whom he had known in the old town back in Pennsylvania, had dropped in to talk old times with the busy lawyer, and the lawyer had endured it patiently for an hour and a half. Then, unseen by the caller, he pushed a small knob at the end of his desk and a bell rang in the adjoining room.

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Hocken splitter," he said, stepping into the other room and proceeding to hold his one sided conversation over an imaginary telephone.

"Hello!"

"——— ——— ———,"

"Yes."

"——— ——— ———?"

"No, Bertha, I'll not have time to go home for dinner. It's already 4:30, and I have several hours' work yet to do. I am very busy and have been detained."

"——— ——— ———."

"Yes. Good-by."

Then he went back to his desk, but Mr. Hockensplitter had already risen to go. Chicago Tribune.

Too Wise.

"Will you take a chance on kissing a pretty girl?" asked the young lady with the raffle tickets at the church fair. The crusty and confirmed bachelor held up his hands in horror. "What, her?" he gasped. "No, indeed. I don't take any such chances as those. Chap took a chance like that one time, and six months later he married the young lady."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WITH THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT.

And a Pair of Loving Hearts to Enjoy Them All.

By NELLE B. RANSOM.

(Copyright, 1899, by Associated Literary Press.)

Dorothy Allen sat on the broad, white, pillared porch, watching the road that wound between the trees to the village. She had watched the road a great deal during the last few days, at first with happy anticipation, but now with hopeless longing.

It was bad enough in the daytime, but it was worse when it grew too dark to see who was coming along the road, for then the footsteps grew louder and louder until she was certain that they were going to turn toward the white pillared porch, only to die away again, leaving her sick with fresh disappointment.

On the previous Sunday evening the whole beautiful something which had enveloped the whole summer, making it different from any other summer of Dorothy's life, had suddenly taken definite form. A look, a touch, a word or two, and she had found herself without a doubt that John Porter loved her and that she loved him, for he had gone away without any open declaration, and, though Dorothy had watched the road till her eyes ached, he had not returned.

"I might have known it," she said to herself disconsolately. "He is too proud and high spirited to ask the daughter of a rich man to marry him. Now that his work on the new electric road is finished he will go away, and I shall never see him again."

Dorothy's neighbor, twelve-year-old Gladys, came skipping across the lawn, a very perky, pink bow tripping her yellow tresses. She perched herself on the broad arm of Dorothy's chair.

"I've been reading such a lovely story," she exclaimed.

"What was it about?" queried Dorothy, with languid interest.

"Oh, it was about a brave knight in shining armor," said Gladys, "and he loved a fair and noble lady who loved him in return. But she had gold and jewels and all that sort of thing, you know, and he hadn't a thing but his charger and his good sword, and so he could never, never ask her to marry him."

"Well," asked Dorothy as Gladys paused for breath, "what happened then?"

"Why," replied Gladys, rather vaguely, "nothing for the knight to do but go this away to the wars, and the princess just sat in her tower and plaited and plaited that last shedded. Oh, it was perfectly lovely—so sad and sweet."

"It seems to me," said Dorothy, almost crossly, "that it would have been much more sensible for the knight to stay and marry the lady instead of getting out as soon and die."

"Why," cried Gladys in disgust, "that would have spoiled the whole story."

She jumped from her perch and was dancing down the steps, but turned to call back:

"Oh, say, that Mr. Porter has gone away, hasn't he? I saw him at the station Monday with a suit case in his hand. Aren't his eyes just too handsome for anything? I'm sorry he has left, aren't you?"

Then, having mercilessly destroyed Dorothy's last vestige of hope, Gladys cheerfully departed.

A very haggard girl with a keen but kindly face arose and stood in the doorway looking [illegible] nothing with [illegible] her drooping form. [illegible] moved uneasily once or twice and then came out to where she was sitting.

"You ought to be playing golf this fine weather," he suggested.

"I'm rather tired of golf, father," replied Dorothy.

Mr. Allen took a turn up and down the porch.

"Has that young Porter left? I haven't seen him for several days," he asked, with a carefully careless air.

"I really don't know. Probably he has," replied the girl, sitting very straight and assuming an air even more carefully careless than that of her father.

Mr. Allen after a few more turns and anxious sidelong glances betook himself again to the house. Since the death of Dorothy's mother ten years before the bond of sympathy and understanding between him and his only child had grown unusually strong, but here was a situation which he felt in nowise competent to handle.

Left to herself, Dorothy's sprightly indifference suddenly vanished. Her hands fell listlessly into her lap, and she leaned her head wearily against the back of her chair. So he had gone without even coming to say goodby! Well, there was no use watching the road any longer.

"It's just like Gladys' story," she sighed. "The knight has gone to fight his battles, leaving the poor princess in the castle to pine alone, only being a twentieth century princess instead of a mediæval one, I'm afraid I can't die of love. Girls never do nowadays. I suppose that's one of the rather few improvements," she continued whimsically.

An endless procession of dreary years seemed to stretch out before her. She shut her eyes, and two large tears glistened on the long dark lashes.

Some one was coming across the lawn, but the footsteps made no sound on the thick turf. When they began to ascend the steps Dorothy opened her eyes with a start, and John Porter stood before her.

There was a wonderfully tender light in his eyes and a determined expression about his mouth. How handsome he looked! How tall and strong he was! Dorothy caught her breath.

"I thought you had gone away," she managed to say.

"Only down to the junction to meet the chief engineer. He wanted to talk over my next job with me. It's a little bigger than anything I've ever undertaken before, but you didn't think I'd go without seeing you again, did you, Dorothy, after Sunday night?"

"I didn't know," murmured Dorothy, her eyes on the big buckles of her colonial slippers.

John Porter seated himself on the porch rail and looked straight at Dorothy's face.

"Dorothy," he said, "I know it's the general opinion that a man has no right to ask a girl with a rich father to marry him until he can provide for her the things she has been accustomed to having, but it seems to me that if a girl really cared for a man she could be happy with him even if she had to do without some of the things she'd been used to."

"I wonder," thought Dorothy, "if it can be possible that the hero has modern improvements too."

But she kept her eyes on the big silver buckles, and John Porter continued speaking with deliberate conviction. "And that is why I dare to tell you that you can afford to give up some of the things that money can buy and come and share with me the things that can't be bought. Will you come, Dorothy?"

"Yes," said Dorothy, meeting his look squarely at last, "I will come."

Half an hour later they remembered Dorothy's father.

"He will never allow you to marry me," cried John Porter, "a common builder of roads!"

"A rising young engineer," corrected Dorothy. "Come on. I'll manage papa."

"Papa," she announced, pushing aside the portiere with one hand and drawing her lover after her with the other, "I'm going to marry Mr. Porter."

Mr. Allen roused himself from the depth of a leather chair where he had been taking an afternoon nap, started a little at the sight of the young man and looked quizzically at his daughter.

"Your prospects for doing so certainly look a little brighter than they have for the past few days," he remarked. "Where have you been keeping yourself, Mr. Porter? Dorothy and I had about concluded that you were too busy 'doing things' to give us any attention. But if Dorothy has made up her mind to marry you, you may as well submit first as last. Do you think you can support her?"

"Not in the style to which she has been accustomed," said John Porter. "But she is willing to dispense with luxuries."

"When I married Dorothy's mother," said Mr. Allen, "she had a little money, which I invested, and after her death I put the investment in Dorothy's name without saying anything to her about it. It's really surprising how that little sum has grown. The income from it is now quite considerable." He named a sum more than twice John Porter's salary. "I should think this, added to your present income, might provide for love in a cottage."

"With all the modern improvements," said Dorothy softly, with shining eyes.

Quite Warm.

"I understand there was a fire in the Bank's household the other day."

"Yes. When he went home he found his wife simply boiling and she gave him a roast."—Baltimore American.

Praise a fair day at night.—Irish Proverb.

Lectured by Carlyle.

There are some amusing memories at Kyleakin, in Skye, of a visit once made there by Carlyle, travelling in the train of Lady Ashburton. The Kyleakinses felt a lively curiosity concerning the distinguished author, and whenever he appeared in public he was surrounded by a crowd of admiring men, women and children who had heard sensational reports concerning his "cleverness as a scholar." Carlyle seemed to like this hero worship until these admirers clustered round him while he was in the midst of his sea bath one day. Then he assailed them in language much more emphatic than elegant, which soon made them take to their heels and scamper off with all speed out of his sight. Lady Ashburton had prayers with her daughter and servants morning and evening, but the sage was never present. During these periods, Neil MacInnes, the innkeeper, used to relate, "he would lend me to the coffee room and there, laying hold of me by the coat buttonhole, he would lecture to me for half an hour on end on all sorts of subjects, and he would be so intent on it that he wouldn't allow me to put in a word. Fancy," said Neil, "that I should be lectured to in such a way by Tommy Carlyle!"—London Standard.

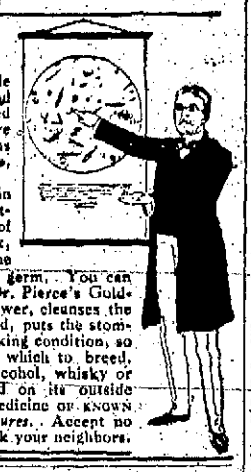
Ant Hills and Files.

A recent traveler in central Africa describes an interesting use of the soil of ant hills. It appears that it makes excellent bricks, of which houses are built. The natives tread it with water into a doughlike substance, which is shaped in rough wooden molds. It is then dried in the sun and afterward baked in native kilns. The same substance is found to make excellent tennis courts. It is mixed with water into a thick paste, spread on the ground and smoothed over with the hands. The same traveler tells us how the natives in the neighborhood of Lake Nyassa esteem a species of fly as an excellent article of diet. It is known as the "kungu" and appears to be peculiar to the lake. At certain seasons of the year these flies appear in enormous numbers and are sometimes blown in myriads over the land. If this happens near a village the natives come out eagerly to gather them up. They make them into what they consider a delicious confection.—London Standard.

A New City a Thousand Years Old.

Budapest, whose front is dotted with lights like a crowd whose hills rise dark and feathery above the river, whose parliament buildings run along the bank and are second to none but Westminster—Budapest, bright, dashing, gay, beautiful, modern and withal ardent and executive, close built and unimaginative, blender of peoples—the product of only a few decades, and yet at its last exposition it celebrated its thousandth birthday. Just to the right of the river for the cities are twins and divided by the Danube—Pest—[illegible] Buda [illegible] the [illegible] Buda [illegible] the [illegible] saw, here [illegible] with [illegible] crowding with the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Afraid of Ghosts



Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a sallow cheek, a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so that the germ finds no weak or tainted spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine of KNOWN COMPOSITION and with a record of *40 years of cures*. Accept no substitute—there is no thing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER $1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

BUY YOUR HAYING TOOLS HERE

Ney Hay Carriers and Horse Forks

Scythes and Snaths, Forks & Rakes

Carborundum Scythe Stones

Bug Death, Paris Green, Cow-Ease, keeps the Flies off your Cattle and Horses

Window Screens Screen Doors

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 8, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—S. P. Burton, formerly of this place, who has been conducting a theatorium in Port Allegany, has moved his family to Hornell where he has accepted employment.

—An Indiana, Pa., dispatch of the 5th inst., says, Joe Veltre and Bruno Carbona, convicted of having caused the death of Robert Tovier, an aged and partly-blind soldier, were hanged in the county jail on a double scaffold in the main corridor of the jail.

—Bolivar is agitating the proposition of putting down a brick pavement on the main street of that place. The sum of $5,500 was recently appropriated for the purpose of macadamizing the street, and it is now proposed to raise this sum to $17,500 by a bond issue and pave the street with brick.

—The Eldred Eagle says: The last blowing of the Kervin glass plant was at four o'clock, Wednesday afternoon. The block in the tanks were in bad shape and yesterday started to give way. The tank is being drained. The present intentions are to get into shape to begin blowing again the first of September.

—Galeton was visited by a $7,400 fire at an early hour Monday, July 5. The fire started in the Delmonico restaurant, conducted by Mrs. A. Rosecarns, in the Graham building. The fire consumed not only the Delmonico building but also destroyed the McClure building adjoining, a double house back of it and a portion of C. R. Mosch store across the street. The loss on the various properties was well covered by insurance.

—Edward H., son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Slack, of Slack Hollow, near Eldred, died at the home of his parents on Monday evening of last week. He was aged 15 years. He had been ill about four months with consumption. He is survived by his parents, two brothers and two sisters. The funeral was held from Orchard Grove school house on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock and interment made at Oak Hill cemetery, Eldred.

—The village of Portville is going to pave its Main street with brick from the crossing in front of the Presbyterian church up as far as the Dodges Creek bridge. The work will probably be done this summer or fall. Portville seems to be determined to hold the lead in having the finest streets of any town in the country of its size.

—State superintendent of insurance of New York has taken charge of seven mutual fire insurance companies with head-quarters in Syracuse. Their condition is precarious and this move was taken to avoid the expense of receiverships. They are the Aetna Mutual, the American Mutual, the Capital Mutual, the Mohawk Mutual, the Phoenix Mutual, the Reliable Mutual and the Union Mutual fire insurance companies, all of Onondaga county.

—A Washington, Pa., dispatch of the 9th inst., says that forty-eight hours of terror at the Hotel Bucheit, in McDonald, were ended that day when the hotel cook captured and killed a huge tarantula, which had placed the guests and employes of the house in a state bordering on hysteria since it leaped from a bunch of bananas arriving at the hotel Wednesday. Friday the cook went to the cellar and killed the hairy horror on the cellar steps.

—According to the Bolivar Breeze, the Grange store at Shinglehouse is advertised to be sold at sheriff's sale on July 17. The proposition has not been a paying one for the reason that the margin of profit was not large enough to pay the running expenses so there was a loss the first year. It was stated at Shinglehouse yesterday that indications were that Loren Prince, the heaviest stockholder, would pay the debts of the concern and take over the business for his son to manage.

Sometimes you may be told that there are other things just as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. That isn't so. Nothing made is as good as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills for any ailments of the kidney or bladder, which always result in weak back, backache, rheumatic pains, rheumatism and urinary disorders. A trial of DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills is sufficient to convince you how good they are. Send your name to E. G. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, for a free trial box. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Certain About It.

Once upon a time, not so long ago, a couple of cowpunchers found themselves guests in the home of a minister of the gospel whose custom was to hold family worship of a morning and to conclude the same by asking each one present to give some quotation from the Scriptures. One after another repeated some text until at last it came the turn of Jim Bulstoke of the Crowfoot ranch.

"My dear young friend," said the dominie as he saw the latter hesitating, "surely you can recall some verse from the Bible?"

Jim's face was bathed with profuse perspiration, but at last there came to him some approximation of a memory of something he had read or heard at some stage of his life about the first chapter of Genesis. At last he broke out, "God made the world."

The dominie lifted a hand to hide a sudden smile, but bowed to Jim's neighbor in the circle. Curley was even worse off than Jim had been and for the life of him could not think of anything. At last, remembering the occasional virtue of a good bluff, he twisted one foot around his chair leg and, with all the confidence he could muster, remarked, "He shore did!"—Recreation.

Last English King in a Battle.

The battle of Dettingen, in Bavaria, on the 16th (27th O. S.) of June, 1743, between the British, Hanoverian and Hessian troops (52,000 men), under command of George II., and the French troops (60,000 men), under Marshal Noailles, which resulted in the victory of the allied troops, was the last occasion on which an English king fought on the battlefield. His majesty continued the whole time in the heat of all the action, which was said by those who witnessed it to have been as fierce a conflict as had ever been known.

On the morning of the battle the king appeared in the same red coat he had worn at Oudenarde, thirty-five years before, taking his place at the head of the seven battalions of guards. About noon he ordered a general advance, and during the movements it entailed he was very nearly taken by the enemy, but was rescued by the Twenty-second regiment, who, in remembrance, wore a sprig of oak in their caps upon the anniversary of the battle for many years afterward.—London Tit-Bits.

The Children of the Great.

There is a tendency for children of exceptional parents to regress toward the average stock. Galton terms this tendency filial regression. This, the London hospital points out, applies equally to exceptional physical and mental characters. Thus, though tall stature may run in certain families, yet there is always a tendency to revert to the mean average size. Similarly the children of a genius tend to have somewhat less than their father's power, but more than the average of the race. According to Professor Pearson, distinguished parents are just ten times more likely to have distinguished offspring that undistinguished parents. Still, such cases as the Darwins, father and sons; the two Pitts, Philip and Alexander the Great are exceptional. Similarly also the children of a criminal tend to be less vicious than the father, though morally inferior to the average man.

Why He Was Unpopular.

When first made bishop of Stepney Dr. Winnington Ingram was anything but popular and indeed had occasionally to seek police protection. Greatly worried, the bishop tried to trace the cause and found one lady who was able to enlighten him.

"It's your white shirt, sir," she said. "We don't want no white shirted gentry here. Try a gray shirt and a dickey, like our chaps wear on Sunday."

The advice tendered was promptly acted upon, and thus the present bishop of London made the first advance toward close friendship with his people.—London Graphic.

The Codex Sinaiticus.

The most ancient of the New Testament manuscripts is the one known as the "Codex Sinaiticus," published at the expense of Alexander II. of Russia since the Crimean war. This codex covers nearly the whole of the Old and New Testaments and was discovered in the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai by the celebrated Tischendorf. It is generally ascribed to the fourth century.—New York American.

Ham With Jelly.

Melt in a saucepan a large tablespoonful of butter and half a glass of currant or other acid jelly. Shake in a little pepper and when hot lay in four or five small thin slices of boiled, cold ham. Let it boil up once and serve quickly on toast.—Boston Post.

Too Much.

Doctor—Now, there is a very simple remedy for this—er—this—er—recurring thirst. Whenever you feel you want a whisky and soda, just eat an apple—eat an apple. Patient—But—er—fancy eating fifty or sixty apples a day!—London Punch.

The Eternal Motorist.

Mrs. Gossip—They do say that her husband has acquired locomotor ataxia. Mrs. Parvenu—I don't think much of those cheap cars. My husband has an imported one.—Smart Set.

Household Hint.

To mark table linen—leave the baby and some jam alone at the table for five minutes.—Judge.

You cannot lead men into truth by tricks.—Aesop.

Accessories.

"I'm going in for poetry," lisped the sweet young thing.

"Real, heartfelt poetry," thundered the man of letters, "is only written in a garret."

"Yes; I've heard that. So I've fitted up a beautiful Turkish den in ours."—Washington Herald.

The Cold Water Cure.

If you feel a cold coming on, drink a glass of cold water, not iced, and repeat at half hour intervals until relief is felt. If hot water is easier to take, it can be substituted for the cold, particularly in the morning and at night. Taking an abundance of liquid matters more than its temperature. It is there where the patients fall short. They will drink a glass or two of water, then declare they can take no more and, censing, decide water cannot drive out a cold. This water cure is not so modern as the most of us think it. In an old prescription book of a famous physician of more than a hundred years ago this curious remedy for a cold is found: "Let ye patient who feels a cold coming on eat of a fine, big salt herring just before going to bed. This will make ye patient drink plenty of water." If you have not strength of purpose to drink freely of water for the cold's sake, make yourself thirsty as best you can—only take all the water possible.—Philadelphia Press.

Hanged For Violating Smoke Law.

Curious and little known facts about the house fire were mentioned by E. H. Blake, addressing the surveyors' institution on warming and ventilation. Fires were at one time a great luxury, he said, and even the right to use the fire had been bequeathed. Thus the will of one Richard Byrchett (1516) read:

"I will yt sayd Nell my wyfe shal have ye chamber she lyes in and lyberte at ye fyer in the house; all yose thynges shal she have so long as she ys wide."

Coal, continued Mr. Blake, was first imported into London at the end of the thirteenth century, but the smoke produced by burning it in improperly constructed grates caused such a prejudice against it that in 1306 a law was passed making it a capital offense to burn coal in the city. The Tower records give details of a man's trial and execution for the offense.—London Graphic.

Not the Kind He Wanted.

Professed politicians who have reduced politics once to an exact science find the independent voter a sad stumbling block, a fact which is admirably disclosed by a story found in the life of the late George Monro Grant, the eminent Canadian educator and clergyman.

Toward the end of Sir John Macdonald's life he and Principal Grant, then the head of Queen's college, met at a dinner at the house of the premier's brother-in-law, Professor Williamson.

"How I wish," the premier said to the principal, "that you would be a steady friend of mine."

"My dear Sir John," the principal replied, "I have always supported you when you were right."

The premier's eyes twinkled, and he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the principal.

"My dear man," said he, "I have no use for that species of friendship."

Greatness Not Free From Shame.

The transcendent power and fame with which great genius has at different periods endowed various men do not always insure them from after misery and shame. This was strikingly exemplified in the cases of the four greatest of military conquerors—Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar and Napoleon. The general judgment of mankind has conceded them the first place in the lines of action for which they were severally distinguished. Yet they all met with melancholy deaths. Two of them suffered for years the keenest humiliations which a total destruction of their hopes could bring. Two perished at the zenith of their power, just as they might have expected a long enjoyment of the fruits of their tremendous achievements.—Exchange.

The Greatest Wealth.

Is there any compensation in money for a starved, stunted, dwarfed mind? Can lands and houses, stocks and bonds, pay a man for living a narrow, petty, sordid life? How much money would match the wealth of a trained mind, of unfolded possibilities? Is the capacity for the appreciation of the meaning of life, of the lessons of civilization, worth no more than one's board and latter and roof? Can any one conceive of greater possessions than an intellect well trained and disciplined, than a broad, deep, full orbed mind responsive to all beauty, all good?—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

Optimistic.

"My wife is a very optimistic woman."

"Indeed she is."

"Noticed it, have you?"

"Yes; when I was talking with her yesterday she said that if you ever died she would marry again because she felt sure that she could do better next time."—Houston Post.

Triumphs of Travel.

"Now he's bragging about how he did Venice."

"What do you mean?"

"Most tourists spend a week in Venice. He did it in a day."—Kansas City Journal.

No Excuse.

"Is that horse you bought a kicker?"

"A kicker?" answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I am the fellow who paid twice his value and who is buying the feed. What has the horse got to kick about?"—Washington Star.

His Misfortune.

The Poet—Poets are born, not made. The Girl—I know. I wasn't blaming you.—Boston Transcript.

There are certain flowers the perfume of which, it is said, is produced by microbes.

Caught.

She—Did you hear they were going to tax bachelors? He—Yes, but they'll never get it out of me. She—It is nice of you to put it that way, but I must speak to mother first.—Illustrated Bits.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Cato.

The Bride's Introduction.

They had been married only two weeks and were going to spend the evening with friends. They were to meet friends of their friends there. It was expected that there would necessarily be a show of dignity when the bridegroom and the bride arrived. All of the company were there and sitting around looking their sweetest when the bridegroom and the bride arrived. A bride always makes dignity essential.

It happened that the bride room was the particular friend of the host. The latter had never met the bride. She was coming into an entirely new circle. It was decided when the Newlyweds arrived that Mr. Newlywed would stammer and blush when he introduced Mrs. Newlywed as his wife. Not so for this boy. He sauntered in preceded by the dignified bride. Everybody in the parlor bristled up. But it wasn't to be a "first big affair" at all. Mr. Newlywed simply swept around, caught the host by the arm and led him before the bride.

"Dave, meet the old lady," he said.

Dignity exit. Everybody laughed and got acquainted in a hurry. The good natured introduction of the host to the bride loosened up the strings of social stress. The "old lady" found herself among friends.—Indianapolis News.

What's In a Name?

One summer a distinguished member of the French academy rented a cottage in Savoy, and when the time came for his return to Paris he went to say farewell to the owner of the cottage, a prosperous farmer's wife.

"I hope you will write your name in my album before you go," she said.

"With pleasure," he replied, and, taking a pen, he wrote his name in the book.

"Thanks," she said, "but won't you please tell me your profession, so that I can write it after your name?"

"Oh, put down 'landowner,'" he answered.

"But that isn't a profession," she said.

"Well, then, put down 'academician,'" was his answer.

This word puzzled the lady, so then, and therefore he asked, with a smile, "Don't you know what an academician is?"

"Not quite," she answered, "but it's such a long word that the profession must be a splendid one!"

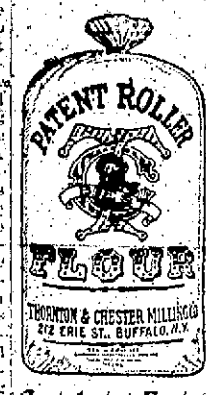
A Japanese Legend.

One of the prettiest of all the stories relating to mirrors is that which comes from Japan. In this a man brings as a gift to his wife a mirror of silvered bronze. Then she, having seen nothing of the kind before, looks in the innocence of her heart whose was the pretty face smiling back at her. And, when, laughing, he tells her it is none other than her own she wonders still more, but is ashamed to ask further questions. But when at last her time comes to die she calls her little daughter and gives her the treasure she has long kept hidden away as a sacred thing, telling her: "After I am dead you must look in this mirror morning and evening and you will see me. Do not grieve." So when the mother is dead the girl, who much resembles her, looks in the mirror day by day, thinking she there talks face to face with the dead woman and never guessing it is but her own reflection she sees. And it is added by the old Japanese narrator that when the girl's father learned the meaning of this strange conduct of hers, he thinking it to be a very piteous thing, his eyes grew dim with tears."

Sardou and a Statue.

Some months before his death Victorien Sardou, passing with a friend the Place de la Madeleine, pointing to the statue of Jules Simon, said: "There is nothing nobler than this good man in his frock coat. To erect this hideous monument a charming little fountain similar to the one we see in the other side of the place has been suppressed." And now it has been decided to erect the statue of Sardou on the spot occupied by the other fountain.—Cri de Paris.

Tastes Like More



That's what all our customers say who have eaten cakes make from Thornton & Chester's Best Flour. Don't forget, by the way, our

Good to Eat Groceries

Worth buying, because worth having. Unlike the fairest rose which withers at last, our Groceries are always fresh. Give them a trial.

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

Anderson & Carlson.

Since the fire we have moved into the building vacated by the Union Telephone Co., between Wells' Drug Store and Brennan's Grocery where we will be pleased to see our old customers as well as new ones.

At present our stock is small but we are getting in new goods as fast as possible and we will make every effort to please you.

We are ready to do all kinds of repair work. Give us a call.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please ... ners.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS—$1.25 per year; or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $2.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday July 15, 1909.

T. ROOSEVELT and party are still having a good time hunting in Africa. Lots of big game is being bagged by the party.

HARRY THAW is making another desperate effort to regain his freedom and his chances seem better than in his previous efforts.

LEON LING, the Chinaman, who is supposed to have murdered Elsie Sigel in New York on June 9, is being daily located by the police, but he still retains his liberty.

A TOKIO grafter, who was convicted of fraud and sent to prison, committed suicide the other day because of the shame of the affair. These Japs are a great deal like other human beings in many respects—the love of liquor is terrible, when found out.

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the famous old pedestrian, reached San Francisco yesterday evening. He walked from New York to San Francisco, a distance of 3,500 miles in 105 walking days. Although Weston is 71 years old he reached his destination in good health and is feeling fine.

IT is announced that petroleum butter, one of the latest discoveries of chemistry, tastes like ingredient butter; is brown in color and will last much longer than even oleomargarine. If the odor of petroleum clings to it the new, tangled grease will certainly last quite awhile. One supply should do a household for months.—Era.

AFTER a long, tedious battle in the Senate which carried with it many amendments the tariff bill passed that body last Thursday. However, the House has time and refused to ratify these amendments, and therefore the measure is hanging fire. There is yet hope that the hot weather and a conference may bring these bodies together and give prosperity a chance before long.

THAT a hand made cannon, not much longer than a man's arm may fire a projectile through a seven-inch foot plate has been successfully demonstrated by Carl Schmelzle of Sterling, who manufactured the gun with crude tools at his home. Mounted on wheels, its height is not more than two feet. By an arrangement of the breech and odd construction of the rifled barrel Schmelz has proved that the cannon can withstand the highest explosive. He made a clean hole through the plate in his demonstration. He says the gun can be fired 100 times in rapid succession without becoming heated.

THE Bradford Era is authority for the statement that oxalic acid is placed on the protected list. As the only oxalic acid factory in the United States is located in Bradford, and is operated and largely owned by Lewis Emery, Jr., it will be seen that while Mr. Emery spent much time in Washington, in the early period of the extra session, ostensibly working for a duty on petroleum, he was really quietly employed in getting a duty on oxalic acid, which the Dingley tariff did not mention. The Payne bill gave Mr. Emery 1 cent per pound, the Aldrich bill increasing the duty to 2 cents per pound. It seems Mr. Emery went to Washington prepared to "ketch the possum comin' and gwine" and what he lost on petroleum he made up on oxalic acid, says the Oil City Derrick.

Oldest Port Allegany Citizen Dead.

Ashbel F Bard, the oldest citizen of Port Allegany and a long time resident, died at his home on Broad street Monday morning after a most useful life, of causes attendant of old age. The funeral was held from the home Wednesday at ten o'clock, the citizens in attendance making a large congregation in honor of the going away of a good man and influential citizen. Mr. Bard was ninety-two years of age and was born at Farmersville in Cattaragus county, New York. He came to Port Allegany in 1870 and went into the hardware business in a store on Main street, that had formerly been operated by John Ford and stood near where the Fay harness store now stands. His son, Robert came with him and was associated with his father in conducting the business. Another son, Nathan came in 1872 and also associated himself with the firm. A. F. Bard & Co. moved into the new building at the corner of Main and Maple streets and it was a leading name in the mercantile business of Port Allegany for many years, in fact until only a few years ago, and the writer is not sure but that the father retained an interest in the store until his demise. He has always been a great worker and many years ago while assisting in the lumber mill lost an arm. He married Julia A. Warring of Frankhauville in 1851, a member of one of the leading families of western New York. To them were born five children, Robert C., William H., Nathan R., Julia A., (Mrs. M. A. Lathbridge) and Carlton R., all of whom with the aged wife, survive the father. The funeral was conducted from the house Wednesday forenoon by Rev. Carl H. Dudley of the Presbyterian church. There was a profusion of flowers and beautiful music. Six business men, Messrs. F. P. Camp, B. C. Gallup, George Weber, T. F. Wilcox, John Dick, and Manley T. Shurtz acted as pall bearers. The remains were interred in the family lot in the Port Allegany cemetery. The aged wife is not at all well. She is ninety years of age and for some time has been in poor health. They have been married for about seventy years. The family has our sympathy for though it has been well known that the father could not survive many more years, yet the loss comes sudden and the sorrow thereo is great.—Port Allegany Reporter.

Excursion Via Shawmut Line to Riverhurst and Rock City.

Sunday July 18th, 1909, P., S. & N. R. R. will run special excursion to Rock City and Riverhurst Parks. Train leaves Smethport 10:38 a. m. Round trip fare to Riverhurst $1.00, to Rock City $1.25. JOS. T. ODELL,
Gen. Pass. Agt

The best pills made are DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, gentle, pleasant, easy to take and act promptly. They are sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Orphan's Court Sale.

ESTATE OF IRA WARDLE, DECEASED.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of McKean County, the undersigned executor of said decedent will expose at public sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Thursday, the 12th day of August A. D. 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. of that day, the following described messuage and tracts of land.

All those certain pieces, parcels or tracts of land, situate, lying and being in the township of Hamlin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows to-wit:

1st. Beginning at a post in the northwest line of the right of way of the Pittsburgh, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company where the same crosses what was once the west line of J. M. Robinson farm; Thence north 12½ degrees west 93 rods to a post corner; Thence south 80 rods to what was formerly the north line of J. M. Robinson farm; Thence east along said north line 46.8 rods to the right of way of the said railroad company; Thence southwesterly along the said right of way 11 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 22.75 acres of land, be the same more or less, and being the premises deeded to said Ira Wardle by two deeds; one dated May 20th, 1884 and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 87, page 274, from Joseph T. Hancock and wife, and the other dated June 12, 1901 and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 111, page 395, from J. M. Robinson and wife.

Improved, and having thereon a two story frame house with wing attached and a frame barn and usual out buildings and well watered.

2nd. Beginning at a post the northwest corner of lands of Phoebe Hunsdor; Thence north 87½ degrees east 23.81 rods to a post corner, the southwest corner of lands sold by the said Ira Wardle to William Hottenstein; Thence south 2½ degrees east 16 rods to a post corner; Thence south 87½ degrees west 23.81 rods to the northwest corner of lands now or formerly of Norman H. Wardle; Thence west along north line thereof 34 rods to a post corner; Thence south 3 degrees west along west line thereof 126.7 rods to the northeast corner of the said Phoebe Hunsdor lot; Thence west along the north line thereof 48 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 34 acres, be the same more or less.

Excepting and reserving in accordance with the terms of the deed to the said Ira Wardle an undivided ¼ part or royalty of all oil or petroleum and gas lying and being in or under the said tract of land. Being a part of the premises conveyed to the said Ira Wardle by Henry Hagan and wife by deed dated May 12, 1887, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 98, page 85, McKean County records.

Unimproved.

Terms of sale: One Third of the purchase price down at time of sale, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

NORMAN H. WARDLE, Executor.
SHERMAN GRIFFIS, Attorney.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909.

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,604.71
Bonds	187,418.00
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	22,031.21
Due from Banks	88,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.88
Deposits	557,142.28
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

Good Paying
Country Store
For Sale Right.

We offer for sale an established country store, located at West Almond, N. Y., doing a business of about $6,000 a year. Real estate consists of 6 acres rich, level land, store, house, barn, 3 poultry houses and orchard of 140 trees grafted fruit. Buildings are all painted and in good repair. Price of real estate, $1,950. Terms on real estate, $750 cash, balance on easy payments. Stock of general merchandise, mainly groceries, about $800, will be sold for inventory. This store is located within a few rods of school, cheese factory, 2 churches and is on 2 R. F. D. routes and two telephone lines. West Almond has a population of about 100 and is the trading center for a good farming section. No other store within 7 miles. Store is 4 miles from railroad station. This proposition is a good money-maker. Owner going to Oregon, reason for selling

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

GOING OUT OF THE
SHOE BUSINESS

All Ladies' and Children's Shoes now going at less than Cost.

Our entire $8000.00 stock of Men's, Ladies' and Children's Shoes and Oxfords must be sold at once as we are obliged to vacate our store room in the Odd Fellows' Block in a very short time.
Buy now and save from 20 to 50 per cent. on every purchase.
All Rubber Boots now going at cost.

150 pairs Men's Terhune Shoes and Oxfords, were $3.50, 4.00 and 5.00, now $2.95

Men's $3.50 and 4.00 Crossett Shoes, now 3.00

All Men's $5.00, 6.00 and 7.00 Shoes now 4.00

70 pairs Ladies' Oxfords and Shoes, were $3.00, 3.50 and 4.00, now 2.48
Pat. Tan or Vici

26 pairs Ladies' black, tan and smoke Suede Pumps and Ties $3.50 and 4.00, now 2.75

Ladies' tan Oxfords were $3.50, going at 2.65

Children's Buster Brown Shoes at big reductions.

Men's and Boys' Slippers; everything goes.

Oxfords for the girl at ..... .89
Good ones.

25c polish ..... .19
10c " ..... .07

Numerous others that our space does not allow us to mention.
We Must wind this up in 30 days. Come early, when you are sure you can get the right size. Everything goes.
The sale starts to-day.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909

Don't miss it — We always do it right

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE

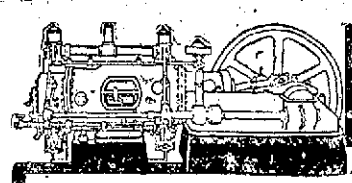
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
$10.60 from SMETHPORT
—TO—
Atlantic City,
Cape May,
Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City
Anglesea, Holly Beach or Avalon, N. J.
July 9, 23; August 6, 24, September 3, 1909.

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 10:18 a. m. and 4:58 p. m. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.
Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. WOOD,
Passenger Traffic Manager
GEO. W. BOYD,
General Passenger Agent



GAS ENGINE OILS
—WAVERLY
GAS ENGINE OIL a superior oil for Gas Engine lubrication. Made from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Absolute freedom from Carbon, leaves no deposit. Light in color—flows easily. WAVERLY never smuts, clogs or gums, but keeps your motor in perfect running order. For your protection—ask any dealer.
"Perfect Lubrication Without Carbon Deposit."
Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Oil Refiners, Pittsburg, Pa.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY.

Five-day excursion
from NEWTON
Saturday, July 24

$3.25 NIAGARA FALLS

Train leaves Newton 3:01 p. m.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

...BUY...
Lowney's Confectionery
—AT—
McCoy's Drug Store

The Lindhom Company

Ask You to enjoy a sane Fourth of July.

—Buy a—

PALMER HAMMOCK

and enjoy the Fourth in a shady nook. The best investment you can make. Priced so you can't help but buy one.

$1.00 to $10.00

And bright new patterns. See them in our window.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

Lesser's COW COMFORT

Increases the Milk Production

Absolutely harmless to man or beast. Very obnoxious to FLIES and INSECT PESTS. Dairymen realize the fact more flies less milk and butter, and that a poorer quality. Nothing could be more vexing or annoying than a cow "fighting flies" at milking time.

The increased production of milk and butter will, by far, overcome the cost of goods and application, besides the comfort to the animal which cannot be over-estimated.

Lesser's Cow Comfort will make the hair and skin of your animals sleek and clean, will heal sores without scab. Has no objectionable odor.

We guarantee Lesser's Cow Comfort to do all we claim or money refunded.

For sale

—by—

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 15, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Smethport creamery is being repainted.

—Back to the woods. Sunday picnics and camping trips are all the go.

—The pay car on the Pennsylvania R. R. visited East Smethport Monday.

—For tired feet, Walk-Over Shoes are advertised by Monheimer on this page.

—Miss Margaret Andrews is now connected with the Bell telephone exchange in this borough.

—B. T. Garlick was confined to his home during the past week by a severe attack of tonsilitis.

—The dates for the meet of the Lake Erie trotting circuit at Bradford, have been set for August 9-13.

—Last Tuesday evening Miss Leona Hogarth entertained a few of her friends at her home on King street.

—Will O'Reily of this place was initiated into the mysteries of the B. P. O. E. at Bradford last Monday.

—Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin entertained the Bridge Whist club at her home on West Main Street yesterday afternoon.

—A fruit store was opened in one of the two store rooms in the Herzog "Block" on Main street Saturday evening.

—The residence of D. C. Young has been treated to a coat of paint. Julius Hornlein has had the contract of doing the work.

—M. J. Evers, a tinner from Ridgway was in town last week for the purpose of putting eaves on the residents of Hon. Jas. McKean.

—A new steel bridge is being built over Blacksmith brook, near the house on the farm occupied by Jeptha Irons on the Ormsby road.

—The Interscholastic Athletic contests which were such a success at the McKean County Fair last year, will be one of the features again this year.

—A party composed of Robert Daly, Floyd Heath and Ed. Whitelaw, of this borough, left on Monday for a camping trip on the headwaters of Potato creek.

—Wm. Cullean of Mt. Jewett, was brought to this borough and lodged in the county jail last week. He was committed on a disorderly conduct charge.

—Don't forget the dates of the Great McKean County Fair and Races at Smethport, September 21, 22, 23 & 24.

—The Seven County Volunteer Firemens' association is holding its annual convention at Wellsville, yesterday and to-day.

—Several parties are erecting a derrick on the Jones farm, almost opposite the County Home buildings for the purpose of putting down a well at that point.

—The Fair management is negotiating for their free vaudeville attractions for the Great McKean County Fair. The attractions will surely be greater than ever before.

—A fine new concrete walk is being laid in front of Dr. and Mrs. John Clarke' adjoining buildings on Main street. Eagan, Harriman and Raymer are doing the work.

—Miss Katherine Agnes Donohue, of Bradford, aged 28, died at the German hospital, in Philadelphia, Wednesday morning of last week, following an operation for exophtholmic goitre.

—Monday night's rain came just in time to relieve a situation which threatened to play havic with the crops of this section. Many of the smaller streams in this vicinity had almost gone dry.

—The carpenters started work on the Anderson & Carlson building Monday. Work on this block is progressing at a remarkable pace and the brick-layers expect to finish up their work this week.

—Owing to the repairs being made on the railroad bridge at East Smethport, the "Merry Widow" only came as far as the Pennsylvania station at East Smethport, on its trips last Saturday.

—County Superintendent of Schools B. S. Bayle again has charge of the school exhibits at the McKean County Fair—an assurance that the Department of Educational Exhibits will be well looked after

—The Premium List Catalogue for 1909 McKean County Fair will be issued about July 25, it is nearly twice as large as last year and more popular than ever as an advertising medium with the business people.

—From word received by friends in this borough of Miss Katherine Hubbard, it is learned that that popular young lady who has been located for some time past in Cory, Pa., left that place the first of this month for Warren, where she entered the hospital in that place for the purpose of entering upon the duties of a nurse.

—Work is going on daily on the Fair grounds, putting the track in shape and repairing fences and buildings. The new cattle shed will contain 25 stalls and will be 250 feet long. It will be built in rear of the grand stand.

—It will be of great interest to the general public to learn that the great and only Jas. J. Jeffries has made a statement to the effect that the report circulated throughout the country that he would not fight Jack Johnson is false.

—Miss Lena Young, who is visiting at the home of her uncle, Dr. G. A. Young of Geneva, N. Y., has had her tonsels removed. She withstood the operation as well as could be expected. Her many friends of this place hope she has entirely recovered.

—John Eberspacher is moving his household effects into the flat over his pool room on Main street. Jas. T. Chisholm, who has conducted a cleaning and pressing establishment in these rooms will move his business to the basement of the Reilly building.

—Rumor has been afloat in this borough during the past week to the effect that Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa, owner of the Kushequa R. R., will turn the management of that road over to Thos. L Kane next month. As yet no confirmation of the rumor can be had.

—The Martin Dodge farm of 200 acres, located one half mile from Harrison Valley, Pa., was sold on Monday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to V. C. Hurlbut and N. C. Dexter of Wellsville. The trade included thirteen head of stock, tools and machinery. Possession will be given at once.

—A large banner advertising the McKean County Fair and Races, was hung across Main street, in front of the Grand Central hotel Monday. The banner, which bears the dates of this event, is the work of Darby, the Bradford painter, and can be plainly read at considerable distance. It is a good job of lettering.

—On Saturday last 5000 trout from 1 to 1½ inches long were placed in a pond in the trout hatchery of F. D. Gallup of this place and M. J. Gallup of Mt. Jewett at Norwich Corners. Two more ponds will be built and larger trout placed in them. When completed this will be one of the finest hatcheries in this section.

—Thirteen Bradford couples met in a Marathon dance at the G. A. R. hall, that city, Monday night for a prize of $10. The winners of the money were Sylvester Rich, Miss Monagan, Frank Sheehan and Miss Sackett, who, after dancing continuously for 10 hours and 30 minutes, starting at 9 o'clock p. m. quitting at 5 o'clock Tuesday morning, divided the money.

—A Newport, Pa., dispatch of the 13th inst. says: Rev. John Lyon Milligan, D. D., for 40 years chaplain of the Western penitentiary, died to-night, after an illness of six months. He was born in Jakesburg, July 31, 1827. He served as chaplain of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania volunteers during the Civil war, and was chaplain of the Eighteenth regiment, National Guard.

—Angelo Nudelko, who was the victim of the recent shooting affray, has so far recovered from the horrible wounds he received at that time as to be able to sit up at the County Home and his complete recovery is confidently expected. The almost miraculous recovery of Nudelko reflects great credit on the manner in which the needy are attended to at the haven for the destitute of this county.

—The work of making the alterations at J. S. McCarthy's meat market has been completed and the business place presents a most attractive appearance. The interior has been prettily decorated by varnish and paint. The exterior has also undergone a treatment of the latter material and the market will be ready for occupancy in a few days. Mr. McCarthy has a business place he can well be proud of.

—Mrs. Leo Koenig charmingly entertained a number of friends at her home on King street, Wednesday evening, Mrs. C. B. Corwin of Smethport, being the guest of honor. The color scheme was pink and white, the parlors being prettily decorated with sweet peas and roses. Cards were the amusement of the evening and at midnight a dainty lunch was served. Mrs. Corwin returned to her home yesterday, says last Friday's Eldred Eagle.

—The Chinaman who conducts the laundry under Elmer Heath's barber shop is evidently some musician in his native tongue. Sunday night those who happened to be in the vicinity of his business place were entertained by either a "Chinee" coon song or an oratio, which would be hard for a lay mind to determine. The performance consisted of playing on a mussette, interspersed by snatches of song rendered in a charming mezzro-tenor voice, and the result was both weird and soul-inspiring enough for the most fastidious.

Personal Mention.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Fry are Buffalo visitors.

Miss Sylvia Lawrence spent Sunday in Olean.

Miss Daniels of Syracuse is visiting Mrs. S. F. Redfield.

Col. Melville Gillette left Monday for Detroit on business.

Miss Florence McLaughlin, of Buffalo, is visiting friends in town.

Eugene McCann, of Bradford, was a Smethport visitor Monday.

John Bahan, Jr., of Bradford, had business in town this week.

A. G. McAlister, of Colegrove, was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

Mrs Elenora McCune of Newark, Ohio, who has been the guest of Mrs. Melville Gillette for the past three weeks, has returned to her home.

Miss Hazel McAllister has been visiting friends in town for the past week.

Floyd Evans of Olean, was a guest of East Smethport friends over Sunday.

Scott Conley returned on Saturday from a two weeks' visit in Coudersport.

Ed. McClure, who has been located in Buffalo for sometime past is home on a visit.

Miss Ella Zupp, of Clarion, is a guest of Mrs. Glenn Barton, of East Smethport.

Mrs. Will Frost and daughter of Eldred, were guests of Mrs. Pratt over Sunday.

Miss Mabel Shattuck of Linesville, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry L. Backus.

Robert O'Reilly of Pittsburg, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. O'Reilly.

Miss Edith Colegrove, of Olean is the guest of Miss Myra Sherburne at the Wright House.

J. Z. Gallup and daughter, were guests of Ceres, N. Y., friends the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Maude Hussey of Charleston, W. Va., is visiting Mrs. V. B. Bouton of Water street.

Mrs. Wellie Burdick, Mrs. Monroe Welch and daughter, Edith, were Olean visitors Tuesday.

Howard McChesney of Syracuse spent Sunday in town the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S F. Redfield.

Miss Marie Purtle, who has been visiting Mrs. Harry Zaner, of St. Marys, returned home to-day.

G. P. Fitch of East Smethport, has returned home from a visit with his parents in Evansville, Ind.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick left yesterday for Hornell, N. Y., called there by the death of his aunt.

Mrs. Frank Bowler and grandson, of Punxsutawney, are guests of Mrs. O. T. Chase, of East Smethport.

Mrs. M. L. Callen left yesterday morning for Wellsville, N. Y., where she expects to spend several weeks.

Miss Ella Welch of Hornell, was called to Smethport by the illness of her sister, Mrs. William Sullivan.

M. Scanlon, of Colegrove, who has been enjoying his annual vacation, was a Smethport visitor over Sunday.

Mrs. George Howard and children of Newark, spent the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Stull.

Miss Alice O'Brien, of Ridgway, visited her sister Miss Katherine O'Brien of this borough, the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frost and daughter, Mable, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, are visiting relatives and friends in town.

Ruth Hungerford of Smethport, was the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, over Sunday.—Eldred Eagle.

Mrs. Ella King and son Wolford, returned to their home in Bradford yesterday after a visit with relatives in town.

Mrs W. J. Porter and two children, of Ovid, arrived in town Saturday and are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hafner.

Hans Hanson, W. S. Covell, wife and son, and Misses Hannah Hanson and Tillie Benson, all of Colegrove, were Smethport visitors Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Raymer, who have been visiting Mr. Raymer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Raymer, have returned to their home in Austin.

Miss Edith McGuire, who has spent the winter in Ocala, Fla., is expected to arrive home to-day. She is at present visiting in South Orange, N. J.

Misses Clara and Florence Seigel and Miss Clara Williams of Olean were the guests of Mrs. J. P. Fitch of East Smethport, the latter part of last week.

W. J Kerr expects to go to Illinois next week for the purpose of witnessing the drilling in of a well which the company he is intested in is putting down in that field.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bell, accompanied by their children, Donovan and Mortimer, left in the Bell automobile Monday for Buffalo. Mr. Bell left Buffalo for Illinois and from there he left for Wyoming. He was accompanied on the first stage of the journey by his son, Donavan, who will visit in Robinson, Ill.

WM. MONHEIMER.

It Is False

economy to buy cheap Shoes when you can get here

Walk-Over Shoes

at $3.50 and $4. They are a "heap better" than other shoes at this price and will wear more than twice as long as any $2.50 or $3.00 shoes.

If you are not a WALK-OVER Shoe customer already you will be in the future if you buy a pair now.

$3.50 and $4 a pair

and worth it, too!

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

WHITE WAIST SALE

We offer this week choice of fifty white Lawn Waists at a saving that is worth your prompt attention.

There is a large variety of styles in lingerie and medium weight lawns; lace and embroidery trimmings; long and short sleeves; button back and front.

See them in the window.

Values up to $2.25 Sale price $1.25

FRY & COMES

Smethport, - - Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

By selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THORNTON & CHESTER

Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,

Pie and Cake Flour.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

Confectionery

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

LOOK FOR THE GREEN GOODS

FRESH EVERY DAY

AT

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

Westfield Commercial Academy

OLEAN, N. Y.

Established in 1882. TWENTY-EIGHTH year will open Sept. 6 and 7. If judged by its facilities and its success you will surely be interested. The attendance is limited and the instruction is individual in every department. Call or write for tuition rates and particulars. 3,000 successful graduates for reference.

Solicitors and Drummers not required.

DIANTHE OF THE WOODS.

It Wasn't a Witch He Caught but His Ideal of a Girl.

By M. WOODRUFF NEWELL.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Andrew Salisbury was on his vacation when he met his fate.

A severe attack of typhoid had put him considerably on the blas, so that he welcomed a quiet recuperating old farmhouse "twenty miles from a demon" as a desired haven and went there for a summer's sojourn the 1st of July.

The old couple with whom he boarded were one Lemuel Merriwether and his wife, and they worried constantly for fear he should have a relapse.

"I'm very apt to," Andrew assured them often, "being so weak, you know. The delirium especially is likely to return."

Being a lone young bachelor, he enjoyed their anxiety in his behalf and worked shamelessly on their sympathies.

"My heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Merriwether the morning that he told her that, throwing away a raisin that she was seeding and putting the seeds into the cake in her excitement.

"Oh, it's a very sad disease!" continued Andrew pensively, reaching for his fifth cooky.

Then he took his camera and went out for a morning's prowl through the woods.

The country was in its summer glory, and just before he started back to the house he took the picture that started the trouble.

He had been walking along by the river, and, struck by a clump of birch trees that fringed a dim woodland path, he trained his camera on it and sought the finder. He smiled happily as he saw the picture it made—the slim young trees with the long path winding up behind them.

"That's fine!" he told himself and, holding the camera steady, snapped it. He could scarcely wait to get home to develop it.

Mrs. Merriwether saw him coming and exclaimed anxiously, "Gracious me, boy, where's the fire?"

"Got a prize package," he answered solemnly.

Mrs. Merriwether, honest soul, stared after him.

"You don't suppose, now, the heat's affected his head, do you?" she whispered to Lemuel as he came up from the barn a little later.

"He's been on the go all day in the hot sun, and after such a fever as he had he's liable to have spells of loonsy, you know he said so. I just asked him what he was hurrying so for, and he said he had a prize package, and I declare to goodness I didn't see nothing but that old camera!"

"Shoo, shoo, mother, the boy's all right. It's probably just some of his funny business."

If they had seen "the boy" at that precise moment they would probably have been more anxious than they were about him.

He was looking at the developed film with startled eyes. His hands shook as he held it up dripping between him and the small ruby lamp on the table.

"By George!" he said and put it through the bath again.

A second time he held it up and scrutinized it in the dim red glow.

"By gum," he said, "it's a witch or I'm going looney!"

There was the path stretching out alluringly into the woods beyond. There were the birch trees, tall and slender and beautiful, and there, just beyond them, peering out between two massive oak tree trunks that bordered the path, was a girl or a witch or a dryad, with laughing lips, dying hair and an extraordinary eighteenth century gown.

"How the dickens!" puzzled Andrew. "It's something on the film. There couldn't have been a real girl there, alone. Lord, there ain't one within twenty miles! She surely wouldn't walk that far, and there was no team in sight, and, anyway, what would a girl of Revolutionary days be doing here?"

He washed the film carefully and put it through the hypo bath. Then he washed it again and, hanging it up to dry, went down to supper.

There he rattled at random, his mind being full of the mysterious picture. His remarks were so rambling that they confirmed every suspicion that Mother Merriwether had formed that afternoon.

"He's off!" she whispered sharply to Lemuel outside the kitchen door. "It's the heat. He's way off. Just see how funny he talks. If he ain't better in the morning we'll have Dr. Snow come over. We'll have to watch him without his knowing it. We must be mighty careful not to excite him. Oh, goodness, ain't it awful, that poor boy! My, but typhoid's a fearful disease."

Lemuel, vastly alarmed, was instantly "on to his job." For a watchdog he proved AL. Andrew had difficulty in shaking him off long enough to go to the dark room at bedtime.

The film was almost dry, and he could scarcely wait until the next day to make a print of it.

When morning came, however, he found Lemuel sticking closer than a brother. Wherever he went Lemuel went also, and when Lemuel had to leave him long enough to see about his live stock mother obediently took up the trail just where he left it, until Andrew, impatient and feigning unconsciousness of their anxieties in his behalf, bluntly locked his door in her very face and, getting out his printing frame, settled down to business.

The sunshine was brilliant in his south window, and he had a print completed in quick time. He held it to the light excitedly, the water dripping from it.

"Christmas, it's a goddess!" he ejaculated.

She peered out at him, her laughing face round and mischievous. Her dress was of older style, with huge pannlers at the side and a trim, laced bodice with a low French neck and little puff sleeves. One tiny foot stuck out saucily in a high heeled French boot.

Andrew stared at her amazed. The arched eyebrows and delicate face were patrician. She might have just stepped out of some old French painting. Why had he not noticed her as he snapped the picture? It was all mysterious. Then he heard Mr. Merriwether's step outside and called to him:

"Any little French court ladies around here?" he inquired.

Andrew opened the door, and Lemuel came in, a puzzled expression on his honest old face.

"Not that I know of," he answered.

"Well, then, I'm seeing things," laughed Andrew, "because I saw one in the woods yesterday, puffs and ruffles and high heeled shoes."

"You did?" exclaimed Lemuel slowly. "You did, eh?"

Then, to Andrew's surprise, Lemuel quickly took the key from the lock and, putting it in again on the outside of the door, went out, locking it behind him.

Andrew pounded and yelled in rage and surprise, but all to no purpose. A half hour went by; then a carriage drew up to the door, and a second later Lemuel unlocked Andrew's door and entered, a strange gentleman with him.

"Not feeling well, I hear?" the strange gentleman remarked.

"First I knew of it," sputtered Andrew.

"He's got a relapse," explained Lemuel. "Gone crazy like. Seeing things. Saw a French court lady in the woods yesterday"— But he got no further.

Dr. Snow broke out into a mighty roar.

"So you are the young gentleman?" he said. "Let's see the picture."

Andrew brought it sullenly forth, not yet understanding.

"It's my niece, Dianthe Barrows," explained the doctor after a minute, still laughing.

Andrew smiled. Dianthe! How the name fitted her!

"She was attending a fancy dress lawn party at Stratford, about six miles up the river, on the other side. She paddled down in her canoe and, seeing those pretty birch trees, wandered into the woods, hiding her canoe in the bushes. She saw you, but you, of course, did not see her. She knew that she would probably show in the picture, as she happened to peer out from behind the trees just as you snapped it. She was dressed in a French costume that used to be her great-great-aunt's. We had a good laugh last night when she told us about it. We could imagine what a surprise it would be to the gentleman, whoever he might be, after the picture was printed."

"It was," said Andrew, laughing himself now.

"Is—is she staying with you here in town?"

The doctor smiled a little.

"Yes; for the summer. At present she is sitting outside in my buggy, holding the horse."

"I'll come out and meet her," said Andrew promptly. "I always knew I'd marry a girl named Dianthe."

No Place Like Home.

A native of Prince Edward Island had gone forth to see the world. When he reached Boston he engaged a room at a modest hotel, intending to remain there while he hunted for work.

"Will you register?" asked the clerk, handing him a pen.

"Register?" said the traveler. "What is that?"

"Write your name."

"What for?"

"We are required to keep a record of all our guests."

The man wrote his name and was about to lay down the pen when the clerk added:

"Now the place, if you please."

"What place?"

"The place you come from. Where do you live?"

"I live on the island."

"Well, but what island?"

The other man looked at him in amazement. Then he said, with an emphasis that left no doubt of his feelings: "Prince Edward Island, man! What other island is there?"

Social Amenities.

Little Marion was about to make her first call unattended by a member of the family. She was to stay a half hour, inspect a wonderful new doll belonging to a small friend and return home.

"Now, Marion," was her mother's parting admonition, "Mrs. Rogers may ask you to stay and dine with them. If she does, you must say, 'No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers; I have already dined.'"

"I'll 'member, mamma," answered Marion and trotted off.

The visit finished, the little girl donned her hat and started for the door.

"Oh, Marion," said her hostess, overtaking her in the hall, "won't you stay and have a bite with us?"

This was an unexpected form and for a second the child hesitated. Then she rose to the occasion.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Rogers," she answered quickly; "I have already bitten."—Woman's Home Companion.

TERRORS OF THE JUNGLE.

The Mosquitoes of Africa Are Worse Than the Lions.

"The African mosquitoes fairly devour you. They inject so much poison into you that you are dazed, your eyes red and you stagger and speak thickly. In a word, you're drunk," said a naturalist.

"In the Nyassa country I'd always start getting ready for bed and the mosquitoes an hour before sunset. I'd set up my mosquito net with the utmost care. I'd clump down its edges with valises and boxes. I'd light inside it three green wood fires, filling it with a bitter smoke that all insects are supposed to loathe.

"Finally I'd get in myself. I'd smoke big pipes of the black native tobacco, and I'd lung miserably in that hot, smoky atmosphere for the dawn.

"Despite all my precautions quite 200 or 300 mosquitoes would get inside my net as soon as darkness fell. They were like a whirlwind in there. It couldn't have been worse. Their noise and their nipping made me feverish—made me really delirious at times.

"At last, in exhaustion, I'd get a few hours of troubled sleep, awakening for breakfast drunk from the poison injected by hundreds of tiny needles into my veins.

"No; it isn't the elephants or the giraffes that trouble the African hunter, but the skeeters."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MISSED ONE POINT.

The Lady Told Him What More He Could Have Said.

"I am going to tell you the truth about yourself," he said.

"Do so," said the young and ambitious actress.

"I have in my time had rare opportunities to observe beautiful, graceful and talented women, and I violate no confidence in saying that you are the queen of them all. You quite in your lovely person that peculiar magnetism which lays audiences at your feet. Your genius, shining through all the deficiencies of stagecraft, enables you to triumph over every obstacle. So supreme are you that you have the right to rise above all conventionalities, to marry, to love, to discard whom you please, and no one will dare to criticise. Your work will live. You are the very personification of the highest art. United with this your perfection of beauty gives you the just title to a lasting fame."

"Is all that true?" she asked softly.

"Absolutely. Would you have me say more? What more could I say?"

She sighed.

"You might," she answered, "have mentioned my clothes and my figure."—Puck.

Disinterested.

Lord Armstrong, an eminent member of the Scotch judiciary and one of the clear cut figures in Boswell's immortal "Life of Johnson," was a great beau in his youth and in his later years a brilliant and learned if whimsical man.

He was a friend of the Garricks and one day was their guest at their villa at Hampton Court when Hannah More was also visiting there. They were walking together in the garden when his lordship astonished the fair and sprightly Hannah by a declaration of love and an offer of his heart and hand. Meeting with a positive refusal, he soon returned to the house and made a clean breast of it to Mrs. Garrick.

"I am very sorry for this refusal," he said in conclusion. "I should have liked so much to teach that nice girl Greek."

Our Languages.

What a lot of languages we talk even if we talk only English! I was assailed by a man across the luncheon table with a language about a day its final and confessed that it was quite unintelligible. Then another man talked about golf, which is another language. And then the woman's language elbows these columns. "The Countess —— wore a sea green cloth skirt with a bolero of the same color and a white marabou stole, and a black taffeta bow garnished her large hat of burnt rapid straw." It is a fine example of women's slang. But to the man it means nothing—but expense.—London Outlook.

Homemade Ink.

A good ink is made in this way. Bruise half a pound of nutgalls and stand in one quart of water, shaking it now and then, for about four hours. Then add three ounces and a half of gum arabic and when it is quite dissolved three ounces of copperas. To prevent the ink from becoming moldy when kept add three or four drops of creosote. This gives a pleasant-like smell to the ink and does not corrode the pens as chloride of mercury would do.

Preparing For a Siege.

Wife—The last time I asked you to give me some money you said you couldn't because the cashier was sick. Now you say it's the treasurer. Husband—I know it. He caught it from the cashier, and now I'm afraid the secretary will get it.—Life.

A Queer Attack.

"Some people can stand on the top of a high building and look down," said Mrs. Lapsing. "But I can't. It always gives me an attack of vertigris."—Chicago Tribune.

Cutting.

Hubby (modestly)—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me. Wifey (sarcastically)—Is that so? You were taken by mistake, if anything.—Kansas City Journal.

THE GIRL WHO DARED

A Wild Ride and What Happened to the Culprit.

By AMELIE DELANCEY.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

For six months the Widow Penrose had been planning an addition to her country residence, but absence and a rush of orders had prevented her nephew, Gordon Gordon, from running down and taking the work in hand.

Finally he appeared in his auto, driven by himself, and the machine was left at the gate. It had rested there less than half an hour when along came three young ladies with fish poles on their shoulders and one poor little fish to show that they had not visited the lake in vain that forenoon.

The sight of an auto was more familiar to them than that of a carriage. They were residents of the city and friends at home and were summering at good Aunt Mary's boarding house, a quarter of a mile away.

"An auto!" they cried in chorus as they came to a halt.

"And the owner is in the house!"

"And we can take a ride without his knowing it!"

"Yes, but none of us can run it."

"Girls," said Miss Dorothy Flint, with whom this story has mostly to do, "I have ridden in autos so many times that I believe I could run one. Yes, I know I could. It's just like steering a boat after you get started. I believe you turn the crank in front first. That ignites the spark or something. Then, after you get in, you pull this lever back, and away she goes. I think the auto belongs to a doctor. Doctors are always good hearted men and I'm sure this one won't begrudge us a little spin. Get in."

But the command was in vain. They hadn't confidence—knew from experience and skill as a chauffeur. If she could run an auto, why not drive the machine to the lake and back? She hesitated and was jeered at. She made as if to turn away and was "lured."

Perhaps Miss Dorothy's grandfather was one of those who fell at Lexington or lay wounded on the field of Bunker Hill. At any rate, the "dare" had hardly been dared when she was at the crank, and as soon as the whizzing noise came to prove that the dead machine had come to life she climbed in and gave it a start.

She went off with a wheel and had not covered a hundred feet when she wished she had not gone at all. But it was too late. There were a dozen "Oh, my's!" behind her, and she forgot everything but holding the wheel with a grip of death.

If she had ever heard that an auto could be stopped she forgot it now. It was a hard, wide road, and she was out of sight in three minutes.

The other two girls stood there with mouths and eyes wide open and feeling helpless even to scream out when a young man came down from the house, raised his hat, looked around and inquired somewhat anxiously:

"Have you seen a stray auto round here?"

"It's run away," answered one after a moment.

"With a g-gurl," added the other as the tears came to her eyes.

"What! Do you mean that some girl is driving my auto up or down the highway without my permission?"

"Y-yes!"

"And who is she, may I inquire?"

"A Miss Flint."

"Well, Miss Flint has nerve. Is she used to driving autos?"

"We—we guess so, but she seemed scared when she started off. Won't you run after her, sir? You see, we dared her to."

"And she wouldn't take a dare? Well, there's a $4,000 auto gone to wreck and a girl lying somewhere beside the road with a broken neck. Run after her! Why, she may be fifteen miles away by this time! How could she be so foolish!"

"But if she is d-dead, sir, some one must bring home her—her mangled remains!" said one of the girls as both broke down and wept.

"Well, I believe there's a saddle horse in the stable, and I'll set out in pursuit. Young ladies, let this be a solemn warning to you—very solemn."

He was a young man of two or three and twenty and did not look a bit like a doctor. Besides, he was not a stranger to the house from which he had emerged. He tried to look very dignified and serious as he uttered his warning, but it was a failure. Any young man of that age would have made a failure of it.

Even though the girls were tearful and anxious as they walked along home they agreed titteringly that he didn't look a bit solemn.

He brought out the horse as soon as possible and galloped away, but at the lake the highway forked. There were three diverging roads, and he must and did take his chance of hitting the right one. He had galloped down the left hand one for three miles before a farmer replied to his hail:

"No; haven't seen no gal scootin' by here in an auto at fifty miles an hour. If I had I should have flung a rock after her. Beats all how different the gals of this age are from those of forty years ago. Why, when my wife was a gal"—

But the pursuer waited to hear no more. He returned to the lake and, finding the right hand road a little better than the middle one, took it and galloped ahead. When he had gone a distance of two miles he drew rein to speak to a farmer's wife weeding a flower bed in the front yard.

"A gal and an auto, eh?" she replied. "No; I don't think I've seen 'em. Might have seen 'em, but if so it's slipped my mind. What was the color of the gal's hair?"

"But you have either seen them or not," exclaimed the young man impatiently.

"That's so—that's so. Wish I knew they took the other road. That is, the did if they didn't take to the fields. Think it's goin' to rain this week?"

By the time young Gordon had returned to the lake his horse was in a lather, and he decided to go back to his mate's in the hope that the auto might also have returned. His hope was vain. The horse was leg weary, and the rider entered the house and called up a farmer on the middle road four miles away.

"A gal and an auto?" repeated the man at the other end of the line. "You bet your boots. I've seen 'em. Went by here three hours ago like a whirlwind. Struck one of my hogs lyin' in the road and knocked him a hundred feet. Whew, but that old machine was gittin' some!"

"And the girl herself—did she seem frightened?"

"Scared most to death, I guess. Her eyes seemed to be hangin' out, and maybe she was prayin'. She was holdin' the machine in the middle of the road, however. If she lives to get to the iled bridge she'll be stopped there by the constable. He's stationed there to look for speeders."

The girl who "dared" lived to reach the bridge. It was an act of Providence. From the moment the auto got its speed, which was thirty miles an hour, she was dumb, frozen and feeling less to do anything but hold the wheel.

She saw nothing but the white face ahead of her. She passed vehicles and overtook others, but she was scarcely conscious of it. As she approached the bridge the strain was too much and her fingers unclinched from the wheel, and the auto dashed its way through the roadside fence and came to a stand still in a field. Then Miss Flint fainted away.

When she came to her senses the constable was sprinkling water in her face and saying:

"Come, now, none of your tricks with me. You are just playing possum because I have caught you. It's a case for Squire Johnson, and I shouldn't wonder if you got jail for it."

"What—what are you going to do?" asked the girl as she staggered to her feet.

"Put you in the village lockup and notify the squire, of course. Take my arm and come along. The machine is pretty well busted, and we can't use it. Wonder it didn't blow up and send you sky high. Were you eloping or something of that kind?"

"I—I was just taking a ride," was the humble answer.

"Just making the dirt fly thirty feet high and scaring folks and horses half to death. Well, the squire will be tickled to see you. He's been aching for the last week to get hold of a speeder and give him a good dose of county jail. How dare you take the chances—how dare you!"

"Would you take a dare from two girls?" asked the prisoner as she released her arm and faced him.

"No-o-o, I guess not."

"Well, I wouldn't, and so there! If they want to send me to jail let 'em do it!"

She was taken to the office of the village justice of the peace and arraigned. On the way there the constable's heart melted. He saw that she had had a bad scare, and he liked her defiant spirit. Therefore, while he had to make complaint against her, he did not put the speed at thirty miles an hour. To this he added the statement that if the auto hadn't struck a stone in the road it would not have struck the fence.

Then he turned and winked at the wondering, shivering girl to put heart in her.

It may have been one of his honor's soft days. He delivered a lecture on the rise and fall of the Roman empire or some other equally interesting subject and concluded by suspending sentence. Then the constable invited the ex-prisoner home with him to dinner and set about arranging to send her back to her friends.

Evening had come, and she was about ready to start when Gordon came galloping up. When he had introduced himself as the owner of the smashed auto he asked grimly:

"And who is to pay the $500 damages? And who is to pay for my trouble? Why, if the justice had known all the circumstances he'd have sent you to jail for a year!"

"But the other girls dared me to do it!" protested the culprit, with trembling lip.

"Say, young man," said the constable as he drew Gordon aside, "you just get even by daring the gal to marry you. She ain't the kind that takes a dare. See? You can drive her back in the buggy, and you just keep daring her all the way. Lord, but I wish I was in your shoes!"

It was a fine moonlight ride. It was not too fast. The situation was a little strained at first, but after awhile the farmers heard laughter as the buggy passed.

Perhaps there was one dare, perhaps a dozen. The society paper which announced the engagement a few months later didn't specify. Society papers don't always go into minute particulars.

Her Preference.

"I—aw—want to give you—aw—a little pwesent on your birthday, don't-cher know," said young DeSappe. "Wot you—aw—pwefer something—aw—sensible?"

"Oh, my no!" answered Miss Depleton. "I prefer presents that are characteristic of the people who give them to me."—Chicago News.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EMIL THAMM, MANUFACTURER OF Fine Cigars. Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

The Miner and Tribune Farmer $1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe now

INSURANCE. Life, Fire and Accident written by W. F. SPECHT SMETHPORT, PA. In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Barton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Scarbrough, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chants, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Fuller, Smethport.
County Treasurer—C. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. C. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Aost, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. B. Cory, Lafayville.
Coroner—E. D. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hoyle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—S. O. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, president; F. H. Brewer, secretary; J. W. Watts, E. W. Worsley, G. H. Deming, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sease.
Justice—H. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. B. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y., W. F. Specht, treas.; John H. Eastman, A. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—K. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Colwell, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W. MASON, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. All work in first degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WARD BROOKS, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 323, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

B. F. WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon in I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second also fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. K. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LAURA ABBEY, Com.
DELLE EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 2 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHARDS, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 45, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSBACH, Sec'y-Treas.

Phoenix Chapter No. 75, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

EMMA M. BAKER, W. M.
LETTIE T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree, 3rd Monday.

M. S. GEARY, S.
I. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church.—J. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday, and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. H. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

THE NEW YORK WORLD THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.85

The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

R. C. GLEASON, The Photographer. Smethport, Pa.

"The Heart's Charity"

By Ina Brevoort Roberts

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Miss Jeannette Dalrymple was expecting guests for the evening, so, having put her tiny apartment in order, she proceeded to mix and bake a most delectable chocolate cake.

They were rich people, those friends who were coming, and self-supporting Jean could not entertain them as they entertained her. Not being afflicted with false pride, however, she did not allow herself to be disturbed by this fact, but served her simple refreshments with daintiness and taste.

On this afternoon, having finished her cake, Jean set it on top of the box the janitor had nailed outside her kitchen window to hold her store of supplies, which device saved buying ice during the winter months.

Several hours later, when she had arranged the table and dressed, Jean lighted the gas in the kitchen and went to the window to take in her cake.

But no cake met her gaze. It was gone—vanished into thin air, apparently. Jean looked up at the sky, then down into the stone-paved court below. She was still at a loss to account for the mysterious disappearance when her glance chanced to rest on the window of the opposite apartment.

It was very close to her window; an arm could easily reach across the distance. Could any one have—Jean's cheeks flushed at the suspicion, but what else was there to think?

At all events, the cake was gone and there was not time to make another. Bewildered and disappointed, Jean was about to close the window when her fingers came in contact with two hard, round somethings that clinked when she touched them.

She took the money to the light. The new, shining half-dollars had been left in payment for the cake. But what a trick to play! Jean frowned at the money in her hand, then laughed and brought philosophy to bear upon the incident.

But the money—what to do with that? It was not until her guests had come and gone and she was in bed that inspiration came to her. She would give the money to a charity in which she was interested. She had personal knowledge of the good accomplished by a Deaconess' district that supplied trained nursing service gratuitously to the very poor and at a low cost to people in moderate circumstances who found their means inadequate to meet the exorbitant demands of illness.

On the following morning, having put the money away until such time as she should be able to add to it from her own purse, Jean dismissed the incident from her mind.

She did not recall it again until a second cake had disappeared in the same way. Jean thoughtfully regarded the money she took from the top of the box—it was in quarters this time.

Clearly, the time had come for a decisive course of action. She could, of course, stop putting cakes outside the window, which must end the matter. But the money looked very good as she laid it with the other dollar that was to go to the Deaconesses.

On her next baking day, having tired of finding herself cakeless, Jean made two cakes and put them outside the window. When she went to look, later in the afternoon, she found one still there with the dollar for the other. The money was in dimes and held down a fluttering bit of paper. Jean took this paper to the light and read: "Could use another cake on Tuesday."

By this time Jean, who was blessed with a sense of humor, had entered into the spirit of the affair. Besides, the money would be welcome to the society to which she meant to give it, and it was honestly earned. So on Tuesday she made the other cake.

It must not be supposed that she was without curiosity in regard to its destination, but this curiosity seemed likely to remain unsatisfied, since there was no way to gratify it except by watching to see the cakes disappear, and this Jean would not do—she could not play the spy. Whenever she put a cake on the box she lowered the shade.

The weeks went by and winter slowly gave place to spring.

It was about this time that Jean met, at an evening party, one Howard Carruthers and his friend, Arthur Blake. The former escorted her home.

When she paused in front of the apartment in which had her quarters and took out her latchkey, Mr. Carruthers seemed to be surprised.

"If you live here, we are neighbors," he said. "My place is next door."

Jean said good-night and went upstairs wondering.

During what was left of the spring and the early summer she saw a good deal of Mr. Carruthers and his friend Arthur Blake. The two men were much together and Jean always coupled them in her thoughts, hoping by this plan to avoid blushing every time she thought of one of them.

"Are you acquainted with any of the people in your house?" Mr. Carruthers asked her on one occasion.

"No. I don't believe one ever knows one's neighbors in New York," replied Jean.

Shortly after this, while walking across Madison square one bright day, she met Arthur Blake, who asked if he might turn and go a little way with her.

"Carruthers gives a bachelor party to-night in his flat," he announced in the course of conversation. "He's taken a great notion for having the fellows there lately, and he always serves, among other things, a home-made cake that beats any I ever ate. I wish I knew who makes those cakes; there's some mystery about them, I'm sure. When we ask Carruthers he laughs and says his sweetheart makes them."

When Arthur Blake had left her Jean hurried home with burning cheeks and a heart filled with wrath.

So, then, it was Howard Carruthers who had bought the cakes, who had left violets on the box, who had given her aprons to make, and whom she had presented with a bunch of jonquils! And he had laughed at her and called her his sweetheart!

That evening, having cooked and eaten her dinner, Jean sat down in her dining room to sew. When twilight obliged her to lay aside her work she still sat beside the window looking over the city through the narrow cleft that let light and air between the building in which she lived and the one next door, and pondering the fact that in a town of 2,000,000 inhabitants she should be so lonely.

The dusk became darkness, and still she did not move. Shortly after eight o'clock some one lowered the shade in Mr. Carruthers' dining room and the gas was lighted. Soon Jean fancied she could hear the murmur of voices. About ten o'clock shade and window were raised and she could see all that went on in the room across the court.

It was a sufficiently striking picture she looked at, of half a dozen men in evening dress seated around a table on which were bottles and glasses and in the center the cake she had made that morning. Howard Carruthers was there, seated with his back to the window. Arthur Blake faced it. His eyes looked straight at Jean, and she instinctively shrank back, forgetting that the darkness shielded her.

A second later she leaned forward again. Arthur Blake had risen to his feet and seized the cake, and with it in his left hand and his wine-glass held high in his right began to speak, evidently to propose a toast.

Jean could not hear the words, but they were followed, first by a burst of uproarious laughter, and after this had subsided by the clinking of glasses as the toast was drunk.

The guests were resuming their seats when, as if suddenly realizing the wisdom of such a course, the host turned over and lowered window and shade.

During the moment he stood by the window his figure, against the light, showed strong and masterful; his face was in shadow, but its features were graven on Jean's heart. She shuddered as she lowered her shade and turned away. Why were wolves given lambs' clothing in which to masquerade? Why could men look good and true and yet be—a sob rose in her throat.

She lighted the gas and sat down to write a letter that when finished read thus:

Mr. Howard Carruthers:

Dear Sir—I regret the necessity for informing you that I shall no longer be at home to you after this evening. It will be useless for you to continue to call, as I shall not be at home.

Yours truly,

JEANNETTE DALRYMPLE.

After this letter was sent Jean's life went on as usual with the difference that she made no more cakes and that she and Mr. Carruthers were as acquaintances.

If they encountered each other at the house of some friend, the two exchanged formal words of greeting and good-by; when they met in the street, as they must occasionally, being such near neighbors, he passed Jean with a bow as cold as her own.

In the latter part of June Arthur Blake told Jean that Carruthers was going abroad, adding: "He needs a change; he's become as silent and morose as he used to be jolly."

One yellow, rainy day, shortly after this information reached her, Jean was crossing Fifth avenue. The weather and the fact that her new tan ulster was being liberally sprinkled with mud combined to plunge her into the deepest gloom.

Her common sense had warned her, when buying the coat, that so light colored a garment would not prove serviceable, but, being last year's style, it had been a bargain so far as price went. Then, too, it had fitted her, and she had bought it. Now the glances of those who passed seemed to express either pity or contempt for the young woman who would wear such a coat on such a day. Incidents like these, at which two people can laugh, one lonely mortal may be miserable over.

Jean proceeded on her way up Fifth avenue. She was wondering if the people living in the houses she passed, who had no money difficulties to grapple with, found life as unsatisfactory as she did, when the door of one of these houses opened and a man ran down the steps.

At sight of him Jean flushed; then paled, but her manner was quite collected as she gave Mr. Howard Carruthers a polite bow. To her surprise he stopped at her side and asked in a courteous, unemotional tone: "May I have just a word or two with you?"

As Jean inclined her head he took her umbrella and they walked on together.

"I owe you an apology for intruding my presence upon you," Mr. Carruthers began, after a moment, "but when you have heard what I have to say perhaps you will pardon me.

"There is living in the same house with you a lonely woman who, the janitor tells me, is very poor and very, very proud. He spoke about her to me because he feared she might be slowly starving, she looked so white and weak. She belongs, he tells me, to an old, aristocratic family. Her friends come to see her in carriages, but no tradesmen bring supplies for her and the parcels she carries home herself are very tiny.

"As you know, I live in the house next yours, and my apartment is opposite that in which this maiden lady lives. Now, I sympathize with her pride quite as much as I pity her poverty. I tried to think of some way to help her without wounding that pride, but with no success until one day the sight of a chocolate cake (made, doubtless, for those visitors in carriages) she had set outside her window gave me a happy inspiration. I purloined the cake and left some money in its place. My plan worked like a charm. For some months this lady continued to supply me with cakes, which I and my friends enjoyed very much indeed.

"I was congratulating myself on being able to help the dear lady when, without any warning, my supply of cakes ceased. This was several weeks ago. Since that time the windows opposite mine have remained closed and curtained, and I have been tormented by the fear that the poor spinster may be ill.

"When I saw you to-day the thought came to me that perhaps you may know her. At any rate, being a woman, you could help her more easily than I. She's a little body—middle-aged, with snow-white hair."

"I don't know her," Jean replied, faintly, "but I have passed her in the hall. She lives in the apartment below mine."

"Will you see her for me?" queried Mr. Carruthers, "and if she is in want, let me know. I realize it is a delicate task I am urging upon you, but you will know how to manage it. You need have no fear that I will make this matter an excuse for forcing my presence upon you unnecessarily. You have chosen to decree that a friendship on which I put a high value should end; I have no choice but to respect your wish. But if you will be my proxy in this matter of helping Miss Daintry I shall be deeply grateful."

"I will do what you ask," Jean's voice was very low.

Mr. Carruthers took a roll of bills from his pocket. "If you find the lady needs financial assistance, as I am sure she must, will you use this?"

Jean did not like the formality. "I will see her as soon as I reach home," she said. "If you will call upon me this evening I will report to you. If money is needed, you can give it to me then."

Howard looked surprised. "I think I would rather not come," he spoke coldly yet gently. "If you will take the money now, you can report to me by letter."

"Please come this evening. I have something to tell you, an explanation to make that concerns you and me. I can't say it now." A treacherous break in Jean's voice told her that she was very near to tears.

At sight of it a subtle change came over Howard's face and manner. "I'll come," he said as they reached the house in which she lived, where he left her.

In spite of her efforts to appear demure, Jean's eyes would dance as she admitted Howard that evening.

"There must be some mistake," that gentleman said in a perplexed tone. "Surely this is where Miss Daintry lives."

Jean bade him be seated and took a chair herself.

Then Jean told him the whole story. "And oh, how I hated you when Mr. Blake said you had laughed and called the person who baked the cakes your sweetheart," she cried; "but when I found out the truth that all the time your heart had been full of kindness towards that poor lady, and all the acts I had misjudged had been plans to help her, then I—"

"Then you what, Jean, dear?"

A moment Jean hesitated before her eyes gazed into his almost unwaveringly.

"God bless Miss Daintry," she said, softly.

"And God bless the janitor, too," added Mr. Howard Carruthers.

One's Life in One's Own Hands.

A sound body is the fruit of sunshine, fresh air, curbed appetite, and plenty of exercise. It is but the resultant from the dictates of reason, a compliance with the laws of God and nature. From which it follows that men's lives for the most part are in their own hands. They can make them sunny and serene, useful and successful, or they can wreck the craft of life on the rocks of dissipation and wrong doing and go down beneath the waves of Lethe, leaving the world no better than they found it.

Galveston's Rapid Advancement.

Galveston has not only displaced all but one of her American competitors in the volume and the value of her foreign commerce, thereby relegating Boston to the fourth place in the column, but was the only port in the United States to show a gain in her exports and imports during 1908, all the others, including New York, suffering declines, as compared with the business of 1907.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF KATY

By Eleanor H. Porter

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Only Alma had lived—Alma, the last born. The other five, one after another, had slipped from loving, clinging arms into the great Silence, leaving worse than a silence behind them; and neither Nathan Kelsey nor his wife, Mary, could have told you which hurt the most—the saying of a last good-by to a stalwart, grown lad of 20, or the folding of thin, waxen hands over a heart that had not counted a year of beating. Yet both had fallen to their lot.

As for Alma—Alma carried in her dainty self all the love, hopes, tenderness, ambitions, and prayers that otherwise would have been bestowed upon six. And Alma was coming home.

"Mary," said Nathan's one June evening, as he and his wife sat on the back porch, "I saw Jim Hopkins to-day. Katy's got home."

"Um-m,"—the low rocker swayed gently to and fro.—"Katy's been ter college, same as Alma, ye know."

"Yes; an'—an' that's what Jim was talkin' 'bout. He was feelin' bad—powerful bad."

"Bad!"—the rocker stopped abruptly. "Why, Nathan!"

"Yes; he—" there was a pause, then the words came with the rush of desperation. "He said home wa'n't like home no more. That Katy was a good girl, an' they was proud of her; but she was turrible upsettin'. Jim has ter rig up nights now ter put supper—put on his coat an' a b'iled collar; an' he says he's got so he don't da'st ter open his head. They're all so, too—Mis' Hopkins, an' Sue, an' Aunt Jane—don't none of 'em da'st ter speak."

"Why, Nathan!—why not?"

"'Cause of—Katy. Jim says there don't nothin' they say suit Katy—'bout its wordin', I mean. She changes it an' tells 'em what they'd orter said."

"Why, the saucy little baggage!"—the rocker resumed its swaying, and Mary Kelsey's foot came down on the porch floor with decided, rhythmic pats.

The man stirred restlessly.

"But she ain't away, Mary," he demurred. "Jim says Katy's mighty pleasant about it that ye can't do nothin'. She tells 'em she's a-learnin' 'em for their own good, an' that they need cultivatin'. An' Jim says she spends all o' meal-time a-tellin' 'bout the things on the table—salt, an' where folks git it, an' pepper, an' teachers, an' how folks make 'em. He says at first 'twas kind o' nice an' he liked ter hear it; but now, seems as if he hadn't got no appetite left ev'ry time he sets down ter the table. He don't relish eatin' such big words an' queer names."

"Ah, that ain't all," resumed Nathan, after a pause for breath. "Jim can't go feedin' nor sleepin' but she'll foller him an' tell 'bout the bugs an' worms, he turns up—how many slugs they've got, an' all that. All the moon ain't just a moon no more, an' the stars ain't stars. They've sp'iled an' planets with heathenish names an' rules an' orbits. Jim feels bad—powerful bad—'bout it, an' he says he can't see no way out of it. He knows they hain't had much schoolin', any of 'em; only Katy, an' he says that sometimes he 'most wishes that—that she hadn't, neither."

Nathan Kelsey's voice had sunk almost to a whisper, and with the last word his eyes sent a furtive glance toward the stoop-shouldered little figure in the low rocker. The chair was motionless now, and its occupant sat picking at a loose thread in the gingham apron.

"I—I wouldn't 'n' spoke of it," stammered the man, with painful hesitation, "only—well, ye see, I—you—" he stopped helplessly.

"I know," faltered the little woman. "You was thinkin' of—Alma."

"She wouldn't do it—Alma wouldn't!" retorted the man, sharply, almost before his wife had ceased speaking.

"No, no, of course not; but—Nathan, ye don't think Alma'd ever be ashamed of us, do ye?"

"'Course not!" asserted Nathan, but his voice shook. "Don't ye worry, Mary," he comforted. "Alma ain't a-goin' ter do no kerrectin' of us."

"Nathan, I—I think that's 'co-rect-in'," suggested the woman, a little breathlessly.

The man turned and gazed at his wife without speaking. Then his jaw fell.

"Well, by sugar, Mary! You ain't a-goin' ter begin it; be ye?" he demanded.

"Why, no, 'course not!" she laughed confusedly. "Come, it's time ter shut up the house."

The date of Alma's expected arrival was yet a week ahead. As the days passed, there came a curious restlessness to the movements of both Nathan and his wife. It was on the last night of that week of waiting that Mrs. Kelsey spoke.

"Nathan," she began, with forced courage, "I've been over to Mis' Hopkins's—an' asked her what special things 'twas that Katy set such store by. I thought mebbe if we knew 'em beforehand, an' could do 'em, an'—"

"That's jest what I asked Jim ter-day, Mary," cut in Nathan, excitedly.

"Nathan, you didn't, now! Oh, I'm so glad. An' we'll do 'em, won't we?—jest to please her?"

"'Course we will!"

"You see it's four years since she was here, Nathan, what with her teachin' summers."

"Sugar, now! Is it? It hain't seemed so long."

"Nathan," interposed Mrs. Kelsey, anxiously, "I think that 'hain't' ain't—I mean aren't right. I think you'd orter say, 'It haven't seemed so long.'"

The man frowned, and made an impatient gesture.

"Yes, yes, I know," soothed his wife; "but—well, we might jest as well begin now an' git used to it. Mis' Hopkins said that them two words, 'hain't' an' 'ain't' was what Katy hated most of anythin'."

"Yes; Jim mentioned 'em, too," acknowledged Nathan, gloomily. "But he said that even them wa'n't half so bad as his riggin' up nights. He said that Katy said that after the 'folk of the day' they must 'don fresh garments an' come ter the evenin' meal with minds an' bodies refreshed.'"

"Yes; an', Nathan, ain't my black silk—"

"Ahem! I'm a-thinkin' it wa'n't me that said 'ain't' that time," interposed Nathan, dryly.

"Dear, dear, Nathan!—did I? O, dear, what will Alma say?"

"It don't make no diff'rence what Alma says, Mary. Don't ye fret," returned the man with sudden sharpness, as he rose to his feet. "I guess Alma'll have ter take us 'bout as we be—'bout as we be."

Yet it was Nathan who asked, just as his wife was dropping off to sleep that night:

"Mary, is it three o' them collars I've got, or four?—b'iled ones, I mean."

"Course we will!"

"You see it's four years since she was here, Nathan, what with her teachin' summers."

"Sugar, now! Is it? It hain't seemed so long."

"Nathan," interposed Mrs. Kelsey, anxiously, "I think that 'hain't' ain't—I mean aren't right. I think you'd orter say, 'It haven't seemed so long.'"

The man frowned, and made an impatient gesture.

"Yes, yes, I know," soothed his wife; "but—well, we might jest as well begin now an' git used to it. Mis' Hopkins said that them two words, 'hain't' an' 'ain't' was what Katy hated most of anythin'."

"Yes; Jim mentioned 'em, too," acknowledged Nathan, gloomily. "But he said that even them wa'n't half so bad as his riggin' up nights. He said that Katy said that after the 'folk of the day' they must 'don fresh garments an' come ter the evenin' meal with minds an' bodies refreshed.'"

"Yes; an', Nathan, ain't my black silk—"

"Ahem! I'm a-thinkin' it wa'n't me that said 'ain't' that time," interposed Nathan, dryly.

"Dear, dear, Nathan!—did I? O, dear, what will Alma say?"

"It don't make no diff'rence what Alma says, Mary. Don't ye fret," returned the man with sudden sharpness, as he rose to his feet. "I guess Alma'll have ter take us 'bout as we be—'bout as we be."

Yet it was Nathan who asked, just as his wife was dropping off to sleep that night:

"Mary, is it three o' them collars I've got, or four?—b'iled ones, I mean."

At five o'clock the next afternoon Mrs. Kelsey put on the treasured black silk dress, sacred for a dozen years to church, weddings, and funerals. Nathan, warm and uncomfortable in his Sunday suit and stiff collar, had long since driven to the station for Alma. The house, brushed and scrubbed into a state of speckless order, was thrown wide open to welcome the returning daughter. At a quarter before six she came.

"Mother, you darling!" cried a voice, and Mrs. Kelsey found herself in the clasp of strong arms, and gazing into a flushed, eager face. "Don't you look good! And doesn't everything look good!" finished the girl.

"Does it—I mean, do it?" quavered the little woman, excitedly. "Oh, Alma, I am glad ter see ye!"

Behind Alma's back Nathan flicked a bit of dust from his coat. The next instant he raised a furtive hand and gave his collar and neckband a savage pull.

At the supper-table that night ten minutes of eager questioning on the part of Alma had gone by before Mrs. Kelsey realized that thus far their conversation had been of nothing more important than Nathan's rheumatism, her own health, and the welfare of Rover, Tabby, and the mare Topsy. Commensurate with the happiness that had been hers during those ten minutes came now her reverse. She hastened to make amends.

"There there, Alma, I beg your pardon. I'm sure I hain't—er—I haven't meant ter keep ye talkin' on such triflin' things, dear. Now talk ter us yer self. Tell us about things—anythin'; anythin' on the table, or in the room," she said feverishly.

For a moment the merry-faced girl stared in frank amazement at her mother; then she laughed gleefully.

"On the table! in the room!" she retorted. "Well, it's the dearest room ever, and looks so good to me! As for the table, the rolls are feathers, the coffee is nectar, and the strawberries well, the strawberries are just strawberries—they couldn't be nicer."

"Oh, Alma, but I didn't mean—"

"Tut, tut, tut!" interrupted Alma, laughingly. "Just as if the cook didn't like her handiwork praised! Why, when I draw a picture—oh, and I haven't told you!" she broke off excitedly. The next instant she was on her feet. "Alma Mead Kelsey, Illustrator; at your service," she announced, with a low bow. Then she dropped into her seat again and went on speaking.

"You see, I've been doing this sort of thing for some time," she explained, "and have had some success in selling. My teacher has always encouraged me, and, acting on his advice, I stayed over in New York a week with a friend and took some of my work to the big publishing houses. That's why I didn't get here as soon as Kate Hopkins did. I hated to put off my coming; but now I'm so glad I did. Only think! I sold every single thing, and I have orders and orders ahead."

"Well, by sugar!" ejaculated the man at the head of the table.

"Oh-h-h!" breathed the little woman opposite. "Oh, Alma, I'm so glad!"

In spite of Mrs. Kelsey's protests that night after supper, Alma tripped about the kitchen and pantry wiping the dishes and putting them away.

A week passed.

The days were spent by Alma in roaming the woods and fields, pencil and paper in hand; they were spent by her mother in the hot kitchen over a hotter stove. To Alma's protests and pleadings Mrs. Kelsey was deaf. Alma's place was not there, her work was not house-work, declared Alma's mother.

On Mrs. Kelsey the strain was beginning to tell. It was not the work alone—though that was no light matter, owing to her anxiety that Alma's pleasure and comfort should find nothing wanting—it was more than the work.

Every night at six the anxious little woman, flushed from biscuit-baking and chicken-broiling and almost sick with fatigue, got out the black silk gown and the white lace collar and put them on with trembling hands. Thus robed in state she descended to the supper-table, there to confront her husband still more miserable in the stiff collar and black coat.

Nor yet was this all. Neither the work nor the black silk dress contained for Mrs. Kelsey quite the possibilities of soul torture that were to be found in the words that fell from her lips. As the days passed, the task the little woman had set for herself became more and more hopeless, until she scarcely could bring herself to speak at all, so stumbling and halting were her sentences.

At the end of the eighth day came the culmination of it all. Alma, her nose sniffing the air, ran into the kitchen that night to find no one in the room, and the biscuits burning in the oven. She removed the biscuits, threw wide the doors and windows, then hurried upstairs to her mother's room.

"Why, mother!"

Mrs. Kelsey stood before the glass, a deep flush on her cheeks and tears rolling down her face. Two trembling hands struggled with the lace at her throat until the sharp point of a pin found her thumb and left a tiny crimson stain on the spotlessness of the collar. It was then that Mrs. Kelsey covered her face with her hands and sank into the low chair by the bed.

"Why, mother!" cried Alma again, hurrying across the room and dropping on her knees at her mother's side.

"I can't, Alma, I can't!" moaned the woman. "I've tried an' tried; but I've got ter give up. I've got ter give up."

"Can't what, dearie?—give up what?" demanded Alma.

Mrs. Kelsey shook her head. Then she dropped her hands and looked fearfully into her daughter's face.

"An' yer father, too, Alma—he's tired, an' he can't," she choked.

"Tired what?—What do you mean?"

With her eyes on Alma's troubled, amazed face, Mrs. Kelsey made one last effort to gain her lost position. She raised shaking hands to her throat and fumbled for the pin and the collar.

"There, there, dear, don't yer fret," she stammered. "I didn't think what I was sayin'. It ain't nothin'—I mean it aren't nothin'—It am not—oh-h!" she sobbed; "there, ye see, Alma, I can't, ye see, Alma, I can't, I can't. It ain't no more use ter try!" Down went the gray head on Alma's strong young shoulder.

"There there, dear, cry away," comforted Alma, with loving pats. "It will do you good; then we'll begin what this is all about, from the very beginning."

And Mrs. Kelsey told her—and from the very beginning. When the telling was over, and the little woman, a bit breathless and frightened, sat waiting what Alma would say, there came a long silence.

Alma's lips were close shut. Alma was not quite sure. If she opened them, whether there would come a laugh or a sob. The latter was uppermost and almost parted the firm set lips, when a glance at the quivering face of the little woman in the big chair turned the laugh into a half-stifled sob. Then Alma spoke.

"Mother, listen, dear. Do you think a silk dress or a stiff collar can make you and father any dearer to me? Do you think an 'ain't' of a hain't' can make me love either of you any less? Do you suppose I expect you, after—years' service for others, to be as careful in your ways and words as if you had spent those 50 years in training yourself instead of in training six children? Why, mother dear, do you suppose that I don't know that for 20 of those years you have had no thoughts, no prayer, save for me?—that I have been the very apple of your eye? Well, it's my turn, now, and you are the apple of my eye—you and father. Why, dearie, you have no idea of the plans I have for you. There's a good strong woman coming next week for the kitchen work. Oh, it's all right," assured Alma, quickly, in response to the look on her mother's face. "Why, I'm rich! Only think of those orders! And then you shall dress in silk or velvet, or calico—anything you like, so long as it doesn't scratch nor prick," she added merrily, bending forward and fastening the lace collar. "And you shall—"

"Ma-ry?" It was Nathan at the foot of the back stairway.

"Yes, Nathan."

"Ain't it 'most supper time?"

"Bless my soul!" cried Mrs. Kelsey, springing to her feet.

"An' Mary—"

"Yes."

"Hain't I got a collar—a b'iled one, on the bureau up there?"

"No," called Alma, snatching up the collar and throwing it on to the bed. "There isn't a sign of one there. Suppose you let it go to-night, dad?"

"Well, if you don't mind;" And a very audible sigh of relief floated up the back stairway.

Chinese Smuggled Into Australia.

Australia is perturbed by the discoveries of Mr. Batchelor, the commonwealth minister for external affairs, who has been inquiring into the illegal influx of Chinese. There is a wealthy organization in China with agencies in all the principal Australian ports and with the connivance of ships' officers the systematic smuggling of Chinese into Australia has been carried on for a long time.

TRY THE MINER
JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

Subscribe
for the
MINER

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THEIR NEW JUNE.

It Came With the Reunion After Both Had Suffered.

By MARIE SYLVESTRE.

[Copyright, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.]

Katherine Denton was a most unusual product of a workaday Western city, yet was she an exception to her sisters. In years she was twenty-two when Dwight Sanborn first knew her and, added to physical attractiveness was an indefinable something that reminded you of Dresden china or dainty, delicate silks—something alien to the strident, jostling world of dollars and cents.

Miss Denton was a stenographer in the law office where young Sanborn worked after graduating from the law school, and where he subsequently earned a junior partnership. In the first days of apprenticeship to the law he remembered more of Browning than of Blackstone and quoted the philosopher Kant to the neglect of the legal Kent.

It was similarity in tastes that first brought the young people closer than stenographer and employer. Sanborn was dictating a petition to be filed in an action for breach of promise, and his levity evidenced his distaste of the task.

Flippantly he quoted from Mrs. Browning's immortal sonnet, which the incautious defendant had incorporated in a letter destined to be an exhibit in the case:

"I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles—"

The rest escaped him.

"Smiles!" he repeated, in an effort to remember, when Miss Denton interrupted:

"Smiles, tears of all my life—and if God chooses,
I shall but love thee better after death."

The repetition was impersonal, of course, and the young lawyer let escape him the repressed tenderness of the tones which told of sympathy with the heart that gave the sentiment, of the world and hope that for a man who could inspire it.

Sanborn laughed, thanked her for completing the quotation and finished outlining the petition. Afterward he remembered, and a day or two later a daintily bound volume of The Portuguese Sonnets reached Miss Denton's desk with Sanborn's card. That was the beginning.

Love came quickly to both of them, and scarcely a year elapsed until Katherine Denton was Katherine Sanborn. Courtship days were dreams of accomplishment and development of higher ideals than they believed they wanted to realize.

But, while the woman loved and lived and dreamed, the man deteriorated to the typically masculine. He became brilliant in manipulation of the law's intricacies and was made a regularly retained counsel to a number of immense and important corporations. His days at the office were filled with the law, and the evenings at home felt the dominating influence of ambition's passion.

Instead of the dreams of sweetheart days everything was subordinated to the quest for legal success. And to Katherine came the thought that even in his profession ideals had been dethroned and new gods set up for adoration and devotion, for Sanborn was at his best when piloting a corporation craft through mazes that baffled the intent of the statutes.

"I'm losing the man I married," she cried to herself in the solitude of neglected wifehood. "He's slipping, slipping, and I cannot prevent it, cannot hold him."

With disillusionment came unrest, with unrest rebellion. To the woman it seemed that all that life held worth while was being taken from her. She was excited as the wife of a brilliant man, one destined to acquire great wealth, but these were not desirable to her.

"Sometimes—I'm not quite happy," she told him falteringly one night when he remarked her apparent illness.

"Nonsense, little girl. We're getting along famously," he told her.

"You are," she answered dully.

"Well, it's for us both," was his reply, but it did not satisfy.

For three years she endured it, and because there were only the two of them life grew lonelier and lonelier until in a moment of desperate aberration she fled his house and left a note bidding him not to seek her.

At first she was in doubt where to turn. She had a little money and felt sure she could secure a position as stenographer and that a few weeks would enable her to regain her old-time cleverness in the calling. Then she reflected that Sanborn would naturally seek her in the field of her former employment.

She thought of nursing, and it seemed a haven. To forget one's own griefs in comforting others in distress appealed to her. A fortnight after her flight she was a student nurse in a private sanitarium under the direction of a kindly old physician who had known and loved the girl since her earliest days in New York. Widowed had come to him with years, and he knew that a few months of the seclusion she sought would bring clearer vision.

At the first she was numb to insanity. That is Katherine was discontented he had not believed. Yet in her note he saw what they had missed because of his prime fondness. Right she was a child in these things he told himself bitterly and could he find her again they would begin together at the start and, please God, go this time aright. But search was unavailing.

Then came the breakdown, complete, miserable, and the physician prescribed the sanitarium where his wife was learning the rudiments of nursing. Sanborn was put in a room in a part of the building where only the graduate nurses were usually allowed, consequently it was some days before Katherine knew the roof that sheltered her housed Dwight.

The physician installed her in a room adjoining Sanborn's and explained enough of the situation to the nurse in charge to secure her as ally in what he hoped to accomplish.

"Hang your medicines! I want Katherine. Do you hear? Get her!" she heard one morning in commanding tones. She started, listened again to his voice in delirium, then peeked cautiously through a half-opened door.

He was hardly recognizable, this sick-bed faced patient with sunken cheeks and bulging eyes. With a quick little cry of pity and love she ran to him.

"Dwight, Dwight," she sobbed, "here is Katherine. Here, dear! Don't you know me?"

"Go away! You're not Katherine. She left me. I've lost her, and I want her, God, I want her!" And tears came to his eyes, as they did to hers.

The wise old doctor permitted her to assist in the nursing, but there were times when she was rigidly excluded. The exclusion hurt her, but the doctor was inexorable, and obedience is the first requirement in a resort of the kind, so she had to obey.

It was the morning of the 1st of June. Katherine was in the room adjoining her husband when she heard him call:

"Oh, Katherine!" And there was a naturalness in the tones that indicated returned reason. She dropped the book she had to rush to him, and in his eyes were remembrance and clear understanding.

"Katherine, it was you, then. I—I thought I dreamed it."

"I'm sorry, Dwight, sorrier than I can tell you. It was all wrong, my going away. I—I want forgiveness," she whispered.

"Forgiveness! You? Rather I should ask it. It has been hard. It seemed cruel, but perhaps it was for our good, sweetheart. The boy god used to love is coming back—coming back—coming back, sweetheart."

For a moment he lay silent, his eyes closed. Then he started.

"The birds, dearest, the birds?" he asked.

"It's the first day of June," she whispered.

"June, Katherine, June for us for all ways," he murmured sleepily as he lifted the hand that lay in his to his lips and kissed it. And like a tired child he slipped into sleep, sweet sleep, with an awakening to happiness and love.

A Rattlesnake Trap.

Rattlesnakes were the most dangerous wild animals with which the early settlers of New Jersey had to contend. They were very numerous, and their bite, if not treated properly at once, was generally fatal. In "Stories From American History" F. R. Stockton cites an incident which gives an idea of the abundance of the rattlers in the new colony:

In a quarry from which the workmen were engaged in getting out stone for the foundations of Princeton college a wide crack in the rocks was discovered which led downward to a large cavity, and in this cave were found about twenty bushels of rattlesnake bones.

There was no reason to believe that this was a snake cemetery, to which the creatures retired when they supposed they were approaching the end of their days, but it was without doubt a great rattlesnake trap.

The narrow, winding passage leading to it must have been very attractive to a snake seeking retired quarters in which to take its long winter nap. Although the cave at the bottom of the great crack was easy enough to get into, it was so arranged that it was difficult, if not impossible for a snake to get out, especially in the spring, when snakes are very thin and weak, having been nourished all winter by their own fat.

This year after year the rattlesnakes must have gone down into that cavity without knowing that they could never get out again.

His Unlucky Day.

"I tell you what it is," said an old cynic—"I am firmly convinced that every man has his particular days for good and bad luck. Monday is my unlucky day. I have been watching it for twenty years, and nothing can shake me in this belief. I never begin any enterprise, no matter how trivial, or start on any journey on that day. Therefore I make Monday an off day and do nothing but potter round the house. Even in these little affairs everything goes wrong.

"Take the record of last Monday, a fair average, and be convinced: Smashed finger while nailing board on fence. Fell down cellar stairs with coal scuttle. Fell over wheelbarrow while carrying stepladder. Sat down on chair where children had been sucking toffee. Got swindled by peddler. Got thumb pinched in gate. Dropped smoothing iron on foot. Baby got out in yard and was butted by strange goat. Tax man called. While eating supper square yard of ceiling fell on dining table. Went to bed to escape further disaster. Had nightmare. Thought I was falling from top of Eiffel tower. Fell out of bed and broke arm. Looked at clock and saw it lacked fifteen minutes of midnight. Lay still till clock struck 12. Was afraid if I moved before Tuesday was ushered in would have broken neck. Yes, indeed," concluded the man, "Monday is my unlucky day, and I approach it with feelings akin to terror." London Tit-Bits.

Says Uncle Eben.

"When you comes to figure in de loss of time, fodder an' feeble friendship," said Uncle Eben, "it's mighty hard fob anybody to say fob certain dat he has had de best of an argument."—Washington Star.

Seasonable Signs.

The summer's with us once again,
With all its heat and bluster.
The girl comes out in colors vain,
The man in linen duster.
—New York Telegram.

One Girl to Another.

Edyth Jack says I was made to kiss.

Maymie—Yes—some—some way of referring to your head up here, what?—Chicago News.

THE GREAT PHARAOH.

Horemhab Did More For Egypt, Perhaps, Than Any Other.

Horemhab at the time of his accession was forty-five years of age, full of energy and vigor and passionately anxious to have a free hand in the carrying out of his schemes for the reorganization of the government. It was therefore with joy that in about the year 1350 B. C. he sailed up to Thebes in order to claim the crown.

Had he lived longer, he might have been famous as a conqueror as well as an administrator, though old age might retard and tired hands refuse their office. As it is, however, his name is written sufficiently large in the book of the world's great men, and when he died, about 1315 B. C., after a reign of some thirty-five years, he had done more for Egypt than had almost any other pharaoh. He found the country in the wildest disorder, and he left it the master of itself and ready to become once more the master of the empire which Akhnaton's doctrine of peace and good will had lost.

Under his direction the purged worship of the old gods, which for him meant only the maintenance of sometime proved customs, had gained the mastery over the chimerical worship of Aton. Without force or violence he substituted the practical for the visionary, and to Amun and order his grateful subjects were able to cry, "The sun of him who knew thee not has set, but he who knows thee shines; the sanctuary of him who assailed thee is overwhelmed in darkness, but the whole earth is now in light."—Arthur E. P. Weigall in Century.

BELLS OF THE BASTILLE.

They Are Hung In a Little Rustic Building In Paris.

The bells of the Bastille are still in Paris, in a little court in Avenue d'Eylau, where they are hung in a little rustic building. There is no doubt as to their authenticity. They carry in relief their story. These three bells were made by Louis Cheron, founder to the court, for the royal Bastille in the year 1781. Figures in, crosses and sacred figures adorn the legend. The bells formerly were part of the clock installed by M. Sarthine in 1764. In the archives de Parsonat are all the documents relative to the work.

On July 14, 1789, the balls of the assailants stopped the clock of the Bastille at a quarter past 5 in the evening. Palloy, who demolished the prison, three days later received the order to deliver the clock to the commander of the Paris militia, who transported it no one knows whither. After the revolution the bells were found at the foundries of Houilly-sur-Andelle, in Eure, where, under the reign of terror, the church bells were converted into money. The proprietor of the foundry was interested in these relics and did not melt them. He installed the three bells in his works with the movement of the clock. By this time the dial plate had disappeared and the figures which belonged to it. Some years ago the bells were transferred from the Houilly foundry to Paris, and there they have since remained.—London Globe.

If you have pains in the back, weak back, or any other indication of a weakened or disordered condition of the kidneys or bladder you should get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away when you experience the least sign of kidney or bladder complaints, but be sure that you get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. We know what they will do for you and if you send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, you will receive a free trial box of these kidney and bladder pills. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address.

E. W. Jones, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Summer Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

Mrs. Carrie Clark
18tf

Campbell's Varnish Stains are the original and only real Varnish Stains ever offered to housekeepers. They work like colored varnish, producing beautiful effects without obscuring the grain of natural woods. J. G. Hamlin sells this line.

Do you want a new buckboard, a farm wagon, a one horse wagon, a second hand buggy? Come and see us.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Cement Walks

I am prepared to build cement or concrete walks in Smethport for

12c per Square Foot

Pure crushed rock sand and the best of cement used in construction. All material and work guaranteed to be first-class.

A. E. HACKETT, Smethport

LUMBER

OF ALL KINDS

Lath and Shingles

General Planing Mill Work

H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. Smethport

EDGAR W. STRONG

When you think of

STOVES

think of

STRONG'S

I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.

EDGAR W. STRONG.
Smethport, Pa.

Chas. M. Provin

has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK

A share of your patronage is solicited.

Chas. M. Provin

FARMERS,

Look out for BUGS and BLIGHT!

Paris Green,
Bluestone,
Helebore,

and everything in the Druggists' line fresh and new at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Mrs. May Chadwick, Artist,

Has opened a studio in the Backus Block, opposite Court House, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.

Give me a call.

Mrs. May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

McCALL PATTERNS 10¢ AND 15¢ NONE HIGHER

McCALL'S MAGAZINE 50¢ A YEAR INCLUDING A FREE PATTERN

McCALL PATTERNS

Celebrated for style, perfect fit, simplicity and reliability nearly 40 years. Sold in nearly every city and town in the United States and Canada, or by mail direct. More sold than any other make. Send for free catalogue.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

More subscribers than any other fashion magazine, or than 3 months. Its handsome colored fashion plates, etc., make it indispensable to every woman who cares for dress. Only 50 cents a year (with a free pattern, your choice of over 1,000 patterns). Subscribe today, or send for sample copy.

WONDERFUL INDUCEMENTS

To Agents—Postal brings premium catalogue, 4 new cash prize offers. Address

THE McCALL CO., 238 to 246 W. 37th St., NEW YORK

PATENT

PROCURED AND DEFENDED.

IN ALL COUNTRIES.

Patent and Infringement Practice Exclusively.

513 Ninth Street, opp. United States Patent Office.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CASNOW

Sane's

2 MAIN STREET

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store

Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 402

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saying here—doing without there—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON

when so many chances are like a gift to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE

is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sherman Gorton.

ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.—All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

V. B. BOUTON

ATTY-AT-LAW

Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, Penn'a.

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

FREDERICK W. BACKUS,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

All business given careful attention. Backus Building, opposite Court House.

Smethport, Penna.

Physicians.

Burt Chadwick, M. D.

—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—

Office in Drug Store.

Calls answered promptly day or night.

Bell Phone.

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Strunder, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

C. E. Hemingway,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

DR. F. C. PIERCE

DENTIST

All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Cleanliness and satisfaction guaranteed.

Painless Kinney. Over 20 Years' Practice

OFFICE AT RESIDENCE. EXPERIENCE.

J. V. McALPIN,

Dentist

HOURS { 8:30 to 12, 1:30 to 5

Odd Fellows' Building

SMETHPORT, PA.

C. M. COLEGROVE

COUNTY SURVEYOR

SMETHPORT PENNA

Office at residence, 406 W. King St.

Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.

F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

T. H. PURTLE, Prop.

126 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Kodol

For Dyspepsia and Indigestion

If you Suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Belching, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, etc., a little Kodol will Relieve you almost Instantly

Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty-cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.